The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 28
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 17

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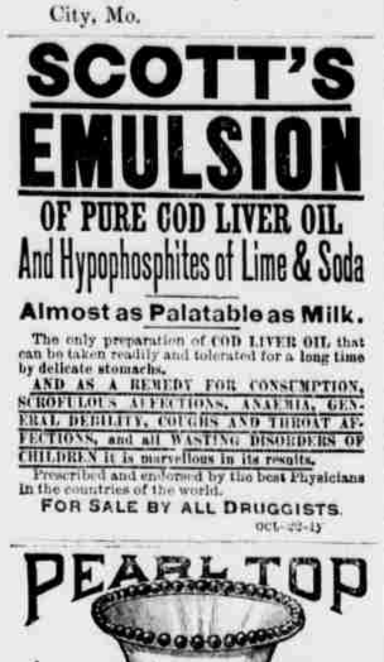

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THE WITCH'S HEAD.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Eva never answered Ernest's letter. Once she began an answer, but bethought her of Florence's sage advice, and changed her mind. "He will write again," she said to herself. She did not know Ernest; his was not a nature to humble himself before a woman. Could she have seen her lover hanging about the steps of the Maritzburg postoffice when the English mail was being delivered, in order to go back to the window when the people had dispersed, and ask the tired clerk if he was "sure" that there were no more letters for Ernest Beyton, and get severely snubbed for his pains, perhaps her heart would have relented. And yet it was a performance which poor Ernest went through once a week out there in Natal.

One mail day Mr. Alston went with him.

"Well, Ernest, has it come?" he asked, as he came down the steps, a letter from Dorothy in his hand.

"No, Alston, and never will. She has thrown me over."

Mr. Alston took his arm, and walked away with him across the market square.

"Look here, my lad," he said; "the woman who deserts a man in trouble, or as soon as his back is turned, is worthless. It is a sharp lesson to learn, but, as most men have cause to know, the world is full of sharp lessons and worthless women. You know that she got your letter?"

"Yes, she told my friend so."

"Then I tell you that your Eva, or whatever her name is, is more worthless than most of them. She has been tried and found wanting. Look," he went on, pointing to a shapely Kaffer girl passing with a pot of native beer on her head, "you had better take that Intombi to wife than such a woman as this Eva. She at any rate would stand by you in trouble, and if you fell would stop to be killed over your dead body. Come, be a man, and have done with her."

"Aye, by Heaven, I will!" answered Ernest.

"That's right; and now, look here, the wagons will be at Lydonburg in a week. Let us take the post cart to-morrow and go up. Then we can have a month's widerbeeste and koodo shooting until it is safe to go into the fever country. Once you get among the big game, you won't think any more about that woman. Women are all very well in their way, but if it comes to choosing between them and big game shooting, give me the big game."

CHAPTER XX.

JEREMY'S IDEA OF A SHAKING.

Two months or so after Ernest's flight there came a letter from him to Mr. Cardus in answer to the one sent by his uncle. He thanked his uncle warmly for his kindness, and more especially for not joining in the hue and cry against him. As regards money, he hoped to be able to make a living for himself, but if he wanted any he would draw. The letter, which was short, ended thus:

"Thank Doll and Jeremy for their letters. I would answer them, but I am too down on my luck to write much; writing stirs up so many painful memories, and makes me think of all the dear folks at home more than is good for me. The fact is, my dear uncle, what between one thing and another I never was so miserable in my life, and as for loneliness I never knew what it meant before. Sometimes I wish that my cousin had hit me instead of my hitting him, and that I was dead and buried, clean out of the way. Alston, who was my second in that unhappy affair, and with whom I am going up country shooting, has been most kind to me, and has introduced me to a good many people here. They are very hospitable; everybody is hospitable in a colony; but somehow a hundred new faces cannot make up for one old one, and I should think old Atterleigh a cheerful companion beside the best of them. What is more, I feel myself an impostor intruding myself on them under an assumed name. Good by, my dear uncle. It would be difficult for me to explain how grateful I am for your goodness to me. Love to dear Doll and Jeremy. Ever your affectionate nephew,

"E. K."

All the party at Dum's Ness were much touched by this letter, more especially Dorothy, who could not bear to think of Ernest all alone out there in that strange, far off land. Her tender little heart grew all alive with love and sorrow as she lay awake at night and thought of him traveling over the great African plains. She got all the books that were to be had about South Africa and read them, so that she might be the better able to follow his life in her thoughts. One day when Florence came to see her she read her part of Ernest's letter, and when she had finished was astonished to see a tear in her visitor's keen eyes. She liked Florence the better for that tear. Could she have seen the conflict that was raging in the fierce heart of the woman before her she would have started from her as though she had been a poisonous snake. The letter touched Florence—touched her to the quick. The tale of Ernest's loneliness almost overcame her resolution, for she alone knew why he was so utterly lonely and what it was that crushed him. Had Ernest alone been concerned it is probable that she would then and there have thrown up her cruel game, but he was not alone concerned. There was her sister, who had robbed her of her lover—her sister, whose loveliness was a standing affront to her as her sweetness was a standing reproach. She was sorry for Ernest, and would have been glad to make him happier, but as that could only be done by foregoing her revenge upon her sister, Ernest must continue to suffer. And after all why should he not suffer? she argued. Did not she suffer?

When Florence got home she told Eva about the letter from her lover, but she said nothing of his evident distress. He was making friends, he expected great pleasure from his shooting—altogether he was getting on well.

Eva listened, hardened her heart and went out district visiting with Mr. Plowden.

Time went on, and no letters came from Ernest. One month, two months, six months passed, and there was no intelligence of him. Dorothy grew very anxious, and so did Mr. Cardus, but they did not speak of the matter much, except to remark that the reason, no doubt, was that he was away on his shooting excursion.

Jeremy also, in his slow way, grew intensely preoccupied with the fact that they never heard from Ernest now, and that his life was consequently a blank. He sat upon the stool in his uncle's outer office and made pretense to copy deeds and drafts, but in reality occupied his time in assiduously polishing his nails and thinking. As for the deeds and drafts he gave them to his grandfather to copy.

"It kept the old gentleman employed," he would explain to Dorothy, "and from indulging in bad thoughts about the devil."

But it was one night out duck shooting that his great inspiration came. It was a bitter night, a night on which no sane creature except Jeremy would ever have dreamed of going to shoot ducks or anything else. The marshes were partially frozen, and a fierce east wind was blowing across them; but utterly regardless of the cold, there sat Jeremy under the lee of a dike bank, listening for the sound of the duck's wings as they passed to their feeding grounds, and occasionally getting a shot at them as they crossed the moon above him. There were not many ducks, and the solitude and silence were inducive to contemplation. Ernest did not write. Was he dead? Not probable, or they would have heard of it. Where was he, then? Impossible to say, impossible to discover. Was it impossible? "Swish, swish, bang!" and down came a mallard at his feet. A quick shot, that! Yes, it was impossible; they had no means of inquiry here. The inquiry, if any, must be made there, on the other side of the water, but who was to make it? Ah, an idea struck him. Why should not he, Jeremy, make that inquiry? Why should he not go to south Africa and look for Ernest? A flight of ducks passed over head unheeded. What did he care for ducks! He had solved the problem which had been troubling him all these months. He would go to south Africa and look for Ernest. If Mr. Cardus would not give him the money, he would work his way out. Anyhow he would go. He could bear the suspense no longer.

Jeremy rose in the new found strength of his purpose, and gathering up the slain—there were only three—whispered to his retriever, and made his way back to Dum's Ness.

He found Mr. Cardus and Dorothy in the fire in the sitting room. Hard riding Atterleigh was there too, in his place in the inglenook, a riding whip in his ink stained hand, with which he was tapping his top boot. They turned as he entered, except his grandfather, who did not hear him.

"What sport have you had Jeremy," asked his sister, with a sad little smile. Her face had grown very sad of late.

"Three ducks," he answered, shortly, advancing his powerful form out of the shadows into the firelight. "I came home just as they were beginning to fly."

"You found it cold, I suppose," said Mr. Cardus, absently. They had been talking of Ernest, and he was still thinking of him.

"No, I did not think of the cold. I came home because I had an idea."

Both his hearers looked up surprised. Ideas were not very common to Jeremy, or if they were he kept them to himself.

"Well, Jeremy?" said Dorothy, inquiringly.

"Well, it is this. I cannot stand this about Ernest any longer, and I am going to look for him. If you don't give me the money," he went on, addressing Mr. Cardus almost fiercely, "I will work my way out. It is no credit to me," he added; "I lead a dog's life while I don't know where he is."

Dorothy flushed a pale pink with pleasure. Rising, she went up to her great strong brother, and standing on tiptoe managed to kiss him on the chin.

"That is like you, Jeremy, dear," she said, softly.

Mr. Cardus looked up too, and after his fashion let his eyes wander round Jeremy before he spoke.

"You shall have as much money as you like, Jeremy," he said presently, "and if you bring Ernest back safe, I will leave you £20,000"—and he struck his hand down upon his knee, an evidence of excitement which it was unusual for him to display.

"I don't want your £20,000—I want Ernest," answered the young man gruffly.

"No, I know you don't, my lad; I know you don't. But find him and keep him safe, you shall have it. Money is not to be sneezed at, let me tell you. I say keep him, for I forgot you cannot bring him back till this accursed business has blown over. When will you go?"

"By the next mail, of course. They leave every Friday; I will not waste a day. To-day is Saturday. I will sail next Friday."

"That is right; you shall go at once. I will give you a check for £500 to-morrow, and mind, Jeremy, you are not to spare money. If he has gone to the Zambesi, you must follow him. Never think of the money: I will think of that."

Jeremy soon made his preparations. They consisted chiefly of rifles. He was to [illegible] Dum's Ness early on the Thursday. On Wednesday afternoon it occurred to him that he might as well tell Eva Ceswick that he was going in search of Ernest, and ask if she had any message. Jeremy was the only person, or thought that he was the only person, in the secret of Ernest's affection for Eva. Ernest had asked him to keep it secret, and he had kept it as secret as the dead, never breathing a word of it, even to his sister.

It was about 5 o'clock on a windy March afternoon when he set out for the Cottage. On the edge of the hamlet of Kesterwick, some 300 yards from the cliff, stood two or three little hovels, turning their naked faces to the full fury of the sea blast. He was drawing near to these when he came to a stile which gave passage over a sod wall that ran to the edge of the cliff, marking the limits of the village common. As he approached the stile the wind brought him the sound of voices—a man's and a woman's—engaged apparently in angry dispute on the further side of the wall. Instead of getting over the stile, he stepped to the right and looked over the wall and saw the new clergyman, Mr. Plowden, standing with his back toward him, and, apparently very much against her will, holding Eva Ceswick by the hand. Jeremy was too far off to overhear his words, but from his voice it was clear that Plowden was talking in an excited, masterful tone. Just then Eva turned her head a little, and he did hear what she said, her voice being so much clearer:

"No, Mr. Plowden, no! Let go my hand. Ah, why will you not take an answer?"

Just at that moment she succeeded in wrenching her imprisoned hand from his strong grasp, and, without waiting for any more words, set off toward Kesterwick almost at a run.

Jeremy was a man of slow mind, though when once his mind was made up it was of a singularly determined nature. At first he did not quite take in the full significance of the scene, but when he did a great red flush spread over his honest face and the big gray eyes sparkled dangerously. Presently Mr. Plowden turned and saw him. Jeremy noticed that the "sign of the cross" was remarkably visible on his forehead, and that his face wore an expression by no means pleasant to behold—anything but Christian, in short.

"Hullo!" he said to Jeremy; "what are you doing there?"

Before answering Jeremy put his hand on the top of the sod wall, and, vaulting over, walked straight up to the clergyman.

"I was watching you," he said, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Indeed!—an honorable employment; eavesdropping I think it is generally called."

Whatever had passed between Mr. Plowden and Eva Ceswick, it had clearly not improved the former's temper.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say."

"Well, Mr. Plowden, I may as well tell you what I mean; I am not good at talking, but I know that I shall be able to make you understand. I saw you just now assaulting Miss Ceswick."

"It is a lie!"

"That is not a gentleman-like word, Mr. Plowden; but, as you are not a gentleman, I will overlook it." Jeremy, after the dangerous fashion of the Anglo-Saxon race, always got wonderfully cool as a row thickened. "I repeat that I saw you holding her, notwithstanding her struggles to get away."

"And what is that to you, confound you?" said Mr. Plowden, shaking with fury, and raising a thick stick he held in his hand in a suggestive manner.

"Don't lose your temper, and you shall hear. Miss Eva Ceswick is engaged to my friend, Ernest Kershaw, or something very like it, and as he is not here to look after his own interests I must look after them for him."

"Ah, yes," answered Mr. Plowden, with a ghastly smile, "I have heard of that. The murderer, you mean?"

"I recommend you, Mr. Plowden, in your own interest, to be a little more careful in your terms."

"And supposing that there has been something between your—your friend?"

"Much better term, Mr. Plowden?"

"And Miss Eva Ceswick, what, I should like to know, is to prevent her having changed her mind?"

Jeremy laughed aloud, it must be admitted rather insolently, and in a way calculated to irritate people of meeker mind than Mr. Plowden.

"To any one, Mr. Plowden, who has the privilege of your acquaintance, and who also knows Ernest Kershaw, your question would seem absurd. You see, there are some people between whom there can be no comparison. It is not possible that after caring for Ernest, any woman could care for you;" and Jeremy laughed again.

Mr. Plowden's thick lips turned quite pale, the veinous cross upon his forehead throbbed till Jeremy thought that it would burst, and his eyes shone with the concentrated light of hate. His vanity was his weakest point. He controlled himself with an effort, however, though if there had been any deadly weapon at hand it might have gone hard with Jeremy.

"Perhaps you will explain the meaning of your interference and your insolence, and let me go on."

"Oh, with pleasure," answered Jeremy, with refreshing cheerfulness. "It is just this: if I catch you at any such tricks again, you shall suffer for it. One can't thrash a clergyman, and one can't fight him, because he won't fight; but look here, one can shake him, for that leaves no marks, and if you go on with these games, so sure as my name is Jeremy Jones, I will shake your teeth down your throat! Good night!" and Jeremy turned to go.

It was not wise to turn one's back upon an infuriated animal, and at that moment Mr. Plowden was nothing more. Even as he turned Jeremy remembered this, and gave himself a slue to one side. It was fortunate for him that he did so, for at that moment Mr. Plowden's heavy blackthorn stick, directed downward with all the strength of Mr. Plowden's powerful arm, passed within a few inches of his head, out of which, had he not turned, it would have probably knocked the brains. As it was, it struck the ground with such force that the jar sent it flying out of its owner's hand.

"Ah, you would!" was Jeremy's reflection as he sprung at his assailant.

Now, Mr. Plowden was a very powerful man, but he was no match for Jeremy, who in after days came to be known as the strongest man in the east of England, and so he was destined to find out. Once Jeremy got a grip of him, for his respect for the church prevented him from trying to knock him down, he seemed to crumple up like a piece of paper in his iron grasp. Jeremy could easily have thrown him, but he would not, he had his own ends in view. So he just held him tight enough to prevent his doing him (Jeremy) any serious injury, and let him struggle frantically till he thought he was sufficiently exhausted for his purpose. Then he suddenly gave him a violent twist, got behind him and set to work with a will to fulfill his promise of a shaking. Oh, what a shake that was! First of all he shook him backward and forward for Ernest's sake, then he alternated the motion and shook him from side to side for his own sake, and finally he shook him every possible way for the sake of Eva Ceswick.

It was a wonderful sight to see the great burly clergyman, his hat off, his white tie undone and his coat tails waving like streamers, bounding and gamboling on the breezy cliffs, his head, legs and arms jerking in every possible direction, like those of a galvanized frog, while behind him, his legs slightly apart to get a better grip of the ground, and his teeth firmly clinched, Jeremy shook away with the fixity of fate.

At last, getting exhausted, he stopped, and holding Mr. Plowden still, gave him a drop kick—only one. But Jeremy's leg was very strong, and he always wore thick boots, and the result was startling. Mr. Plowden rose some inches off the ground and went on his face into a furze bush.

"He will hardly like to show that honorable wound," reflected Jeremy, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow with every sign of satisfaction.

Then he went and picked his fallen enemy out of the bush, where he had nearly fainted, smoothed his clothes, tied the white tie as neatly as he could and put the wide hat on the disheveled hair. Then he sat him down on the ground to recover himself.

"Good night, Mr. Plowden, good night. Next time you wish to hit a man with a big stick, do not wait till his back is turned. Ah, I dare say your head aches. I should advise you [illegible] and have a nice sleep."

[illegible] departed on his way, filled [illegible] joy.

[illegible] reached the Cottage he found [illegible] a state of confusion. Miss Ces[illegible] appeared, been suddenly taken very seriously ill; indeed, it was feared that she had got a stroke of apoplexy. He managed, however to send up a message to Eva to say that he wished to speak to her for a minute. Presently she came down, crying.

"Oh, my poor aunt is so dreadfully ill," she said. "We think that she is dying."

Jeremy offered some awkward condolences, and indeed was much distressed. He liked old Miss Ceswick.

"I am going to south Africa to-morrow, Miss Eva," he said.

She started violently, and blushed up to her hair.

"Going to south Africa! What for?

"I am going to look for Ernest. We are afraid that something has happened to him."

"Oh, don't say that!" she said. "Perhaps he has—amusements which prevent his writing."

"I may as well tell you that I saw something of what passed between you and Mr. Plowden."

Again Eva blushed.

"Mr. Plowden was very rude," she said.

"So I thought; but I think that he is sorry for it now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I nearly shook his ugly head off for him."

"Oh, how could you?" Eva asked, severely; but there was no severity on her face.

Just then Florence's voice was heard calling imperatively.

"I must go," said Eva.

"Have you any message for Ernest if I find him?"

Eva hesitated.

"I know all about it," said Jeremy, considerately turning his head.

"Oh, no, I have no message—that is—oh, tell him that I love him dearly!" and she turned and fled up stairs.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE ON MARRIAGE.

Miss Ceswick's seizure turned out to be even worse than was anticipated. Once she appeared to regain consciousness, and began to mutter something, then she sunk back into a torpor, out of which she never woke again.

It was fortunate that her condition was not such as to require the services of the clergyman, for Mr. Plowden was for some days after the events described in the last chapter not in a condition to give them. Whether it was the shaking, or the well planted kick, or the shock to his system, it is impossible to say, but he was in the upshot constrained to keep his bed for several days. Indeed, the first service that he took was on the occasion of the opening of the ancient Ceswick vault to receive the remains of the recently deceased lady. The only territorial possession which remained to the Ceswicks was their vault. Indeed, as Florence afterward remarked to her sister, there was a certain irony in the reflection that of all their wide acres there remained only the few square feet of soil which for centuries had covered the bones of the race.

When their aunt was dead and buried the two girls went back to the Cottage, and were very desolate. They had both of them loved the old lady in their separate ways, more especially Florence, both because she possessed the deeper nature of the two and because she had lived the longest with her.

But the grief of youth at the departure of age is not inconsolable, and after a month or so they conquered the worst of their sorrow. Then it was that the question what they were to do came prominently to the fore. Such little property as their aunt had possessed was equally divided between them, and the Cottage left to their joint use. This gave them enough to live on in their quiet way, but it undoubtedly left them in a very lonely and unprotected position. Such as it was, however, they, or rather Florence, for she managed all the business, decided to make the best of it. At Kesterwick they were, at any rate, known, and it was, they felt, better to stay there than to float away and become waifs and strays on the great sea of English life. So they settled to stay.

Florence had, moreover, her own reasons for staying. She had come to the conclusion that it would be desirable that her sister Eva should marry Mr. Plowden. Not that she liked Mr. Plowden—her lady's instincts rose up in rebellion against the man—but if Eva did not marry him, it was probable that she would in the long run marry Ernest, and Ernest, Florence swore, she should not marry. To prevent such a marriage was the main purpose of her life. Her jealousy and hatred of her sister had become a part of herself; the gratification of her revenge was the evil star by which she shaped her course. It may seem a terrible thing that so young a woman could give the best energies of her life to such a purpose, but it was none the less the truth.

Hers was a wild, strange nature, a nature capable of violent love and violent hate; the same pendulum could swing with equal ease to each extreme. Eva had robbed her of her lover; she would rob Eva, and put the prize out of her reach, too. Little she recked of the wickedness of her design, for where in the long record of human crime is there a wickedness to surpass the deliberate separation, for no good reason, of two people who love each other with all their hearts? Surely there is none. She knew this, but she did not hesitate on that account. She was not hypocritical. She made no excuses to herself. She knew well that on every ground it was best that Eva should marry Ernest, and pursue her natural destiny, happy in his love and in her own. But she would have none of it. If once they should meet again the game would pass out of her hands, for the weakest woman grows strong of purpose when she has her lover's arm to lean on. Florence realized this, and determined that they should never set eyes on each other until an impassable barrier in the shape of Mr. Plowden had been raised between the two. Having thus finally determined on the sacrifice, she set about whetting the knife.

One day, a month or so after Miss Ceswick was buried, Mr. Plowden called at the Cottage on some of the endless details of which district visiting was the parent. He had hardly seen Eva since that never to be forgotten day, when he had learned what Jeremy's ideas of shaking were, for the very good reason that she had carefully kept out of his way.

So it came to pass that when, looking out of the window on the afternoon in question, she saw the crown of a clerical hat coming along the road, Eva promptly gathered up her work and commenced a hasty retreat to her bedroom.

"Where are you going to, Eva?" asked her sister.

"Upstairs—here he comes."

"He! who is 'he?'"

"Mr. Plowden, of course."

"And why should you run away because Mr. Plowden is coming?"

"I do not like Mr. Plowden."

"Really, Eva, you are too bad. You know what a friendless position we are in just now, and you go and get up a dislike to one of the few men we know. It is very selfish of you and most unreasonable."

At that moment the front door bell rang, and Eva fled.

Mr. Plowden on entering looked round the room with a somewhat disappointed air.

"If you are looking for my sister," said Florence, "she is not very well."

"Indeed, I am afraid that her health is not good; she is so often indisposed."

Florence smiled, and they dropped into the district visiting. Presently, however, Florence dropped out again.

"By the way, Mr. Plowden, I want to tell you of something I heard the other day, and which concerns you. Indeed, I think that it is only right that I should do so. I heard that you were seen talking to my sister, not very far from the Titheburgh abbey cottages, and that she—she ran away from you. Then Mr. Jones jumped over the wall and also began to talk with you. Presently he also turned, and, so said my informant, you struck at him with a heavy stick, but missed him. Thereupon a tussle ensued, and you got the worst of it."

"He irritated me beyond all endurance," broke in Mr. Plowden, excitedly.

"Oh, then the story is true?"

Mr. Plowden saw that he had made a fatal mistake, but it was too late to deny it.

"To a certain extent," he said, sulkily. "That young ruffian told me that I was not a gentleman."

"Really! Of course that was unpleasant. But how glad you must feel that you missed him, especially as his back was turned. It would have looked so bad for a clergyman to be had up for assault, or worse, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Plowden turned pale and bit his lip. He began to feel that he was in the power of this quiet, dignified young woman, and the feeling was not pleasant.

"And it would not look very well if the story got round here, would it? I mean even if it was not known that you hit at him with the stick when he was not looking, because, you see, it would sound so absurd! The idea of a clergyman, more than six feet high, being shaken like a naughty child! I suppose Mr. Jones is very strong?"

Mr. Plowden winced beneath her mockery, and rising seized his hat, but she motioned him back to his chair.

"Don't go yet," she said. "I wanted to tell you that you ought to be much obliged to me for thinking of all this for you. I thought that it would be painful to you to have the story all over the country side, so I nipped it in the bud."

Mr. Plowden groaned in spirit. If these were the results of a story nipped in the bud, what would its uninjured bloom be like?

"Who told you?" he asked brusquely. "Jones went away."

"Yes. How glad you must be, by the way, that he is gone! But it was not Mr. Jones; it was a person who oversaw the difference of opinion. No, never mind who it was. I have found means to silence that person."

Little did Mr. Plowden guess that during the whole course of his love scene and the subsequent affair with Jeremy there had leaned gracefully in an angle of the sod wall, not twenty yards away, a figure uncommonly resembling that of an ancient mariner in an attitude of the most intense and solemn contemplation; but so it was.

"I am grateful to you, Miss Ceswick."

"Thank you, Mr. Plowden, it is refreshing to meet with true gratitude; it is a scarce flower in this world; but really I don't deserve any. The observer who oversaw the painful scene between you and Mr. Jones also oversaw a scene preceding it that, so far as I can gather, seems to have been hardly less painful in its way."

Mr. Plowden colored, but said nothing.

"Now, you see, Mr. Plowden, I am left in rather a peculiar position as regards my sister; she is younger than I am, and has always been accustomed to look up to me, so, as you will easily understand, I feel my responsibilities to weigh upon me. Consequently I feel bound to ask you what I am to understand from the report of my informant?"

"Simply this, Miss Ceswick: I proposed to your sister and she refused me."

"Indeed! you were unfortunate that afternoon."

"Miss Ceswick," went on Mr. Plowden, after a pause, "if I could find means to induce your sister to change her verdict, would my suit have your support?"

Florence raised her piercing eyes from her work and for a second fixed them on the clergyman's face.

"That depends, Mr. Plowden."

"I am well off," he went on, eagerly, "and I will tell you a secret. I have bought the advowson of this living; I happened to hear that it was going and got it at a bargain. I don't think that Halford's life is worth five years' purchase."

"Why do you want to marry Eva, Mr. Plowden?" asked Florence, ignoring this piece of information; "you are not in love with her?"

"In love! No, Miss Ceswick. I don't think that sensible men fall in love; they leave that to boys and women!"

"Oh! Then why do you want to marry Eva? It will be best to tell me frankly, Mr. Plowden."

He hesitated, and then came to the conclusion that with a person of Florence's penetration frankness was the best game.

"Well, as you must know, your sister is an extraordinarily beautiful woman."

"And would therefore form a desirable addition to your establishment?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Plowden. "Also," he went on, "she is a distinguished looking woman, and quite the lady."

Florence shuddered at the phrase.

"And would therefore give you social status, Mr. Plowden?"

"Yes. She is also sprung from an ancient family."

Florence smiled, and looked at Mr. Plowden with an air that said more plainly than any words, "Which you clearly are not."

"In short, I am anxious to get married, and I admire your sister Eva more than anybody I ever saw."

"All of which are very satisfactory reasons, Mr. Plowden; all you have to do is to convince my sister of the many advantages you have to offer her, and—to win her affection."

"Ah, Miss Ceswick, that is just the point. She told me that her affections were irredeemably engaged, and that she had none to give. If only I have the opportunity, however, I shall hope to be able to distance my rival."

Florence looked at him scrutinizingly as she answered:

"You do not know Ernest Kershaw, or you would not be so confident."

"Why, am I not as good as this Ernest?" he asked; for Florence's remark, identical as it was with that of Jeremy, wounded his vanity intensely.

"Well, Mr. Plowden, I do not want to be rude, but it is impossible for me to conceive a woman's affections being won away from Ernest Kershaw by you. You are so very different."

If Mr. Plowden wanted a straightforward answer he had certainly got it. For some moments he sat in sulky silence, and then he said:

"I suppose, if that is the case, there is nothing to be done."

"I never said that. Women are frequently married whose affections are very much engaged elsewhere. You know how they win their wives in savage countries, Mr. Plowden; they catch them. Marriage by capture is one of the oldest institutions in the world."

"Well?"

"Well, the same institution still obtains in England, only we don't call it by that name. Do you suppose that no women are hunted down nowadays?" Ah, very many are; the would be husband heads the pack, and all the loving relatives swell its cry."

"You mean that your sister can be hunted down," he said, bluntly.

"I! I mean nothing except that the persistent suitor on the spot often has a better chance than the lover at a distance, however dear he may be."

Then Mr. Plowden took his leave. Florence watched him walking down the garden path.

"I am glad Jeremy shook you soundly," she said, aloud. "Poor Eva!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Street Car Conductor Talks.

The callow conductor poked his head into the car and said in a loud, distinct tone, "Fourteenth street station."

"When that young fellow knows his business he'll say, 'Fourteenth street,'" commented the veteran of the road, who had just informed the passengers that the street they had reached was "Teenth."

"Know any funny stories? See that gentleman in the second seat there? He's a broker, and a great covey for practical jokes. He's getting fat now, and will die of apoplexy one of these days laughing over his own fakes. When he goes from his house or office to take a train, he will walk very leisurely until he is within a few yards of the station, when he will suddenly break into a run and rush up the stairs. If there's one thing more than another that a man hates to miss it is an elevated train, and when the fellows behind him see the broker begin to run, every Tom, Dick and Harry of them within five blocks rushes pellmell to the station. The broker appears to enjoy it. I've heard say that running was good exercise; but it seems to make some men swear a great deal. Haven't they got onto it by this time? Young man, when you have lived as many years in the world as I have, you will find out that nothing that appeals to the gullibility of human nature ever becomes a chestnut.

"Yes, I'm somewhat of a philosopher, but it was the profession that made me so. You will notice that a woman never gets out of this end of the car. It doesn't matter even if she is in the rear seat, when she wants to get out she will push her way right through the car, though it is packed like a sardine box. Is it superstition or fashion? Well, that's hard to say. In a horse car she will always walk out the other way, but perhaps in that case she is afraid of the horses."—New York Sun.

The Divers in Torres Strait.

No white diver ever tried pearl fishing in Torres strait who could begin to fill the place of the amphibious natives. They work for hours at a time, at depths of 90 to 100 feet under water. They are more venturesome, too, than the white divers, and think nothing of sticking their hands into all the holes in the coral, although the marine monsters they find at these depths are not always pleasant acquaintances to stir up.

The white divers were found to be useless as soon as the shallow waters around the island were worked out. When the fishers had to go out to sea for shell, the black fellows proved that they could stay under longer and go deeper than the whites. The result was that they drove their white competitors out of the business. The supply of divers for the purposes of the first class pearl shell trade is not abundant even among the natives, and the rivalry for their services is so great that they command enormous wages. Many of them get $100 a month and a good percentage of the pearls they find. Black fellows who can stay below many hours in ninety feet of water often earn from $2,000 to $2,500 a year, though in any other business they could not command $4 a week. After eight or nine months' hard fishing they usually strike work, whether the bosses like it or not, and off they post in parties of five or six to Sydney, where they lead riotous lives for a month or six weeks until all their money is spent. Agents of the white employers always go along to induce them to spend their cash as fast as possible and get back to work again. —New York Sun.

An Artist's Dance.

Everybody knows of Edwin A. Abbey, the clever artist whose drawings for Harper's of "She Stoops to Conquer," "Sally in Our Alley," and this month of "Kitty of Coleraine," are so much admired. His friends say that it is one of Mr. Abbey's little eccentricities that whenever some piece of work just finished particularly pleases him, he gives vent to his feelings in some utterly unconventional way. Not long ago a lady called on him just while he was finishing the best of the Kitty of Coleraine pictures—"The Devil a Pitcher was Whole in Coleraine." He was just in the working mood, so he begged her to sit down for a few minutes until he had finished.

She sat down, and presently Abbey forgot all about her. He worked and worked, and finally he completed the picture. He stepped back, took a good look, then gave a long drawn whistle of satisfaction. The next moment the whistle brightened up into a rattling melody, and Abbey "did" a first class jig that would have done honor to a professional. The lady, surprised, but not to be outdone, commenced to "pat," but that recalled the artist to himself. He turned and saw the lady, flushed slightly, and apologized. But the apology was't necessary, for it isn't every one who has the honor of seeing one of America's leading artists doing a little "pas seul."—Baltimore American.

The World's Commercial Center.

Occasionally one meets some New Yorker who has philosophically studied the future of this great metropolis. Such a man is Simon Stevens, the attorney, who says: "It is a curious thing in the study of the world's history to see how the commercial center has shifted from time to time in a general course around the globe. You can go back to a time when Antwerp was the center of the world's commerce. Next Amsterdam held the threads of commercial venture. Then the center was shifted to Liverpool. Now it is London, and next it will be New York. A careful study of the world's commerce at the present time gives sure indications that the power and prestige of England in her commercial relations is beginning to be shaken, while the commercial empire is drifting across the Atlantic to the metropolis of the new world."—New York Tribune.

An Officer on the Run.

The city marshal of Portsmouth, N. H., started for the train one day recently and had to run for it. Half a hundred persons seeing the officer run supposed he was after a criminal and started in to help him, and by the time the perspiring marshal had reached the depot two or three hundred men and boys were close at his heels. There were a great many persons in that crowd who felt like having themselves kicked when the marshal told them what he was running for.—Chicago Times.

An Extraordinary Accident.

An extraordinary accident is reported from the neighborhood of Maidenstone, England. A lad 8 years of age was flying a kite when he stepped backward into a forty-foot quarry, to the great horror of the bystanders. Fortunately for the little fellow the string of the kite was tight around his wrist, and the kite, acting as a parachute, effectually broke the violence of the fall and he was only slightly bruised.

The Gettysburg Oration.

Edward McPherson denies that he told an interviewer he rode with Lincoln to Gettysburg and urged him to prepare a speech, and that in consequence of the urging Lincoln wrote his great speech on his knee. He expresses the belief that Lincoln prepared his great speech after he reached Gettysburg in a bed room, but utterly repudiates the car story.

Dion Boucicault says that one reason why he retains his youth is because "drink writes no wrinkles" on his brow. He never was tipsy in his life.

Essaying the Knock Out Blow.

"The reason why so many pugilists are breaking their arms in fights," said a local boxer, "is found in their crazy recklessness to get in a knock out blow. This blow is aimed at the jugular vein, and the pugilist, in attempting to accomplish this feat, often strikes too high, driving his hand with terrific force against his opponent's skull and snapping the big bone in his wrist as though it were a pipe stem. It often happens, too, that the pugilist essaying the knock out blow drives his hand against his opponent's elbow, which has been thrown up as a guard. This proves almost as disastrous to the aggressor as the cranium hit. It is time that this swinging knock out blow was discarded. A straight punch from the shoulder was good enough for the old timers. It ought to be good enough now."—Chicago Herald.

A Group of "Earthquakes."

At a fancy dress ball in Paris the great success of the evening was accorded to a group of "earthquakers," a party of young men who were attired in overcoats, crush hats and nightgowns, while each of them carried a black leather handbag. The realism and appropriateness of this disguise called forth much laughter and applause.—Chicago Times.

Mary Clemmer's Contract.

Mary Clemmer once entered into a contract to write a column a day for three years, on any subject assigned her. She never failed for a day to fulfill her task, which included every sort of subject, from book reviews and political articles to a common advertising paragraph. During the last year of the contract she received a salary of $5,000.—Phila. Call.

The Columbian

G. E. Elwell,
J. K. Bittenbender, } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1887.

Simon Cameron will spend the summer in Europe.

President Cleveland and his wife are visiting his old home at Holland Patent.

A hot wave is said to be coming this way. We have no use for anything any hotter than the present weather.

A whale, measuring about thirty feet, was captured in the bay off Bedloe's Island, New York, on Friday of last week.

Barclay Peak, the murderer of Katie Anderson, has been sentenced by Judge Parker to be hanged on the first day of September.

Defaulter Harvey, of the Treasury Department, is said to write his name backward in signing checks. Perhaps this makes him a little backward in honest dealing. He is a Mugwump, too.

Ex-Congressman Gibson, of West Virginia, says that Northern people who refused to march down a street because a banner bearing the President's name was suspended over it should not harshly criticise the Southern military companies who refused to march with negroes. He considers the objection in each case wholly unreasonable.

A rich find of gold is reported at Ishpeming, Mich. The assays show that the rock is richer in gold than anything ever yet found. The Lake Superior Iron Company has put a fence around the property. Everybody talks gold, and excitement is tremendous. The shaft in which gold was discovered is down twenty-two feet.

A petition, signed by nearly 10,000 citizens of Chester and Delaware counties, will be presented to the Board of Pardon Tuesday next, asking that the death penalty of Samuel Johnson, (colored,) who was convicted of the murder of John Sharpless, be changed to life imprisonment. It is also stated that Ex-Congressman Broomall has also written a letter asking for commutation in the name of Mrs. Sharpless, the wife of the murdered man.

The State Board of Charities, in their annual report, condemn very strongly the practice of imprisoning in county jails persons whose attendance is desired as witnesses in criminal prosecutions. They make the very sensible recommendation that such witness be provided with comfortable quarters and be properly compensated for their loss of time. So reasonable a suggestion ought to be acted upon by the Legislature at its next session. A number of the senseless old customs of this kind that have come down to us from remote generations ought to be abolished because they are entirely unjustifiable.—*Ex.*

The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, sitting in General Term has sustained the demurrer of the Government and awarded a judgment of ouster in the case of the United States against John N. Oliver, a Justice of the Peace, who resisted the right of the President to remove him, and claimed that he could be displaced from his office only by the District Supreme Court. The Court, in an opinion delivered by Chief Justice Bingham, holds that the power to remove Justice of the Peace resided in the President alone down to the organic of the Court passed in March, 1863, and that this act did not take away the President's power of removal, but merely conferred on the Court concurrent power of removal with the President.

Mr. Blaine has had a number of experiences in life to teach him that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and he forgets that there is only material enough for one Dr. Depew in the world at one time. But still he rashly essays to be equal with easy grace to every occasion. Thus it was that he astonished the Edinburghers on Saturday by publicly alluding to Sydney Smith as one of "the splendid galaxy of Scotland's stars." The truth is that Sydney Smith was born in Essex, England, was graduated at Oxford and began his labors in the Church in Wilts. He was in Scotland only a few years and would have pondered much upon the uncertain nature of fame if he had known that within less than half a century after his death he would be subjected to the use Mr. Blaine has put him to. The Scotch have never forgiven Sydney for saying that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding." He made as much fun of Scotchmen as Charles Lamb did. Mr. Blaine would do well to hire a mentor when he goes to Ireland. The Irish sensitiveness is a more dangerous quality to trifle with.—*Ex.*

Return of a Battle Flag.

THE LOST COLORS OF THE FIFTY-SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

On August 29, 1862, a portion of the color company of the Fifty sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers was captured with the colors. The prisoners, who were paroled a short time after the fight, told Colonel Hofman, commander of the regiment, that they had cut the flag into pieces to prevent it from falling into the hands of rebels. The colonel was not disposed to believe the story, but while at Richmond last week Adjutant General Hastings received a letter from Captain Norman Lewis, Company C, Ninety-second Illinois Infantry, now living at Thomason, Ill., informing him that he had in his possession the flag of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, which had been captured by the rebels at the Second Bull Run, and recaptured by him at the time of the surrender of Raleigh, N. C. Captain Lewis stated that he had found the flag in the capitol at Raleigh and taken possession of it, and he now desired to return it to the State of Pennsylvania. This generous offer was appreciated and he was directed to forward it.

Friday last the flag arrived at the Adjutant General's Department. It is almost intact, save that time has cut the silk in several places and there is a hole in it made by the branch of a tree while being taken through the woods and the fringe was full of pine needles that stuck as the flag was dragged under the trees.

The President's Letters.

HE WITHDRAWS HIS ACCEPTANCE OF THE INVITATION TO ST LOUIS.

President Cleveland will not attend the Grand Army encampment at St Louis, as seen by the following letter from the president to Mayor Francis of that city:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 4, 1887—*Hon. David R. Francis Mayor and Chairman*—MY DEAR SIR: When I received the extremely cordial and gratifying invitation from the citizens of St. Louis, tendered by a number of her representative men, to visit that city during the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, I had been contemplating for some time the acceptance of the invitation from that organization to the same effect, and had considered the pleasures which it would afford me if it should be possible to meet not only members of the Grand Army, but the people of St. Louis and other cities in the west, which the occasion would give me an opportunity to visit. The exactions of my public duties I felt to be so uncertain, however, that when first confronted by the delegation of which you were the head, I expected to do no more at that time than to promise the consideration of the double invitation tendered me, and express the pleasure it would give me to accept the same thereafter, if possible.

But the cordiality and sincerity of your presentation, reinforced by the heartiness of the people who surrounded you, so impressed me that I could not repress the feeling which prompted me to assure you on the spot that I would be with you and the Grand Army of the Republic at the time designated if nothing happened in the meantime to absolutely prevent my leaving Washington.

Immediately upon the public announcement of this conclusion expressions emanating from certain important members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and increasing in volume and virulence, constrained me to review my acceptance of those invitations. The expressions referred to go to the extent of declaring that I would be an unwelcome guest at the time and place of the national encampment. This statement is based, as well as I can judge, upon certain official acts of mine involving important public interests, done under the restraints and obligations of my oath of office, which do not appear to accord with the wishes of some members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

I refuse to believe that this organization founded by patriotic ideas, composed very largely of men entitled to lasting honor and consideration, and whose crowning glory it should be that they are American citizens as well as veteran soldiers, deems it a part of its mission to compass any object or purpose by attempting to intimidate the executive or coerce those charged with making and executing the laws. And yet the expressions to which I have referred indicate such a prevalence of unfriendly feeling and such a menace to an occasion which should be harmonious, peaceful and cordial that they cannot be ignored.

I beg you to understand that I am not conscious of any act of mine that should make me fear to meet the Grand Army of the Republic or any other assemblage of my fellow-citizens. The account of my official stewardship is always ready for presentation to my countrymen. I should not be frank if I failed to confess, while disclaiming all resentment, that I have been hurt by the unworthy and wanton attacks upon me growing out of this matter, and the reckless manner in which my actions and motives have been misrepresented, both publicly and privately, for which, however, the Grand Army of the Republic, as a body, is by no means responsible.

The threats of personal violence and harm in case I undertake the trip in question, which scores of misguided, unbalanced men, under the stimulation of excited feeling, have made, are not even considered. Rather than abandon my trip to the west and disappoint your citizens I might, if I alone were concerned, submit to the insult, to which it is quite openly asserted I would be helplessly subjected if present at the encampment; but I should bear with me there the people's highest office, the dignity of which I must protect, and I believe that neither the Grand Army of the Republic as an organization nor anything like a majority of its members would ever encourage any scandalous attack upon it. If, however, among the membership of this body there are some as certainly seems to be the case, determined to denounce me and my official acts at the national encampment I believe they should be permitted to do so unrestrained by my presence as a guest of their organization or as a guest of the hospitable city in in which their meeting is held. A number of grand army posts have signified their intention, I am informed, to remain away from the encampment in case I visit the city at that time. Without considering the merit of such an excuse I feel that I ought not to be the cause of such non-attendance. The time and place of the encampment were fixed long before my invitations were received. Those desirous to participate in its proceedings should be first regarded, and nothing should be permitted to interfere with their intentions.

Another consideration of more importance than all others remains to be noticed. The fact was referred to you when you verbally presented the invitation of the citizens of St. Louis that the coming encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic would be the first held in a southern state. I suppose this fact was mentioned as a pleasing incident of the fraternal feeling fast gaining ground throughout the entire land and hailed by every patriotic citizen as an earnest that the Union has really and in fact been saved in sentiment and in spirit, with all the benefits it vouchafes to a united people.

I cannot rid myself of the belief that the least discord on this propitious occasion might retard the progress of the sentiment of common brotherhood which the Grand Army of the Republic has so good an opportunity to increase and foster. I certainly ought not to be the cause of such discord in any event or upon any pretext. It seems to me that you and the citizens of St. Louis are entitled to this unreserved statement of the conditions which have constrained me to forego my contemplated visit and to withdraw my acceptance of your invitation.

My presence in your city at the time you have indicated can be of but little moment compared with the importance of a cordial and harmonious entertainment of your other guests. I assure you that I abandon my plan without the least personal feeling of regret, constrained thereto by a sense of duty, actuated by a desire to save any embarassment to the people of St. Louis or their expected guests, and with a heart full of grateful appreciation of the sincere and unaffected kindness of your citizens.

Hoping the encampment may be an occasion of much usefulness, and that its proceedings may illustrate the highest patriotism of American citizenship, I am yours very sincerely.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The following are copies of two letters relating to the President's proposed visit to St. Louis: First is the letter inviting him to be present at the meeting in that city of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the second is his formal letter of declination addressed to the joint committee representing the municipality, the business men of the city and the Grand Army of the Republic.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 26, 1887.—*To Grover Cleveland, President of the United States*—SIR: The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in this city during September next, from the 27th to the 30th, inclusive. It promises to be the largest gathering of veterans of the late war ever seen. The organization was never in so flourishing a condition and the membership never so large as at the present time. It will be the first encampment located in a city near the centre of the country, and the first ever held in the southern states. Our people are sparing no effort to insure for the assemblage a welcome of unusual warmth and a reception of the most hospitable. The undersigned are a committee appointed by the general committee on arrangements for the purpose of extending to yourself and your esteemed wife a cordial and urgent invitation to be present on that occasion and to accept hospitalities of the committee and the city. Every exertion will be made by our citizens as well as by 100,000 veterans then to be congregated here to render your visit pleasant and your stay interesting. It is remarked that you are planning a tour through the west and south and we sincerely hope you can make it convenient to be in St. Louis during the time above mentioned. Allow us to suggest that no compliment more fitting could be bestowed upon the valiant defenders of a common country by the chief executive of a restored union, and none would be more highly appreciated than that conferred by his presence at time and place. Awaiting your response, we have the honor to be, sir, yours respectfully,

DAVID R. FRANCIS, Mayor of the City of St. Louis.
FRANK GIENNIE, President of Merchants' Exchange.
JOHN W. NOBLE, Commander of Frank P. Blair Post, No. 1, G. A. R.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 4, 1887.—*To David R. Francis, Mayor of the city of St. Louis; Frank Grennie, President of the Merchants' Exchange, and John W. Noble, Commander of Frank P. Blair Post, G. A. R., Committee*: GENTLEMEN—While I have hitherto made no formal response to your invitation given in February last to myself and Mrs. Cleveland to attend the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held in St. Louis from the 27th to the 30th of September next. I have verbally indicated my purpose to accept it if I should find it possible then to be absent from Washington. The statement contained in your letter that the organization was never in so flourishing a condition as now, nor its membership so large; that no effort is being spared by the citizens of St. Louis to insure a welcome of unusual warmth at this, the first encampment of that body ever held in a southern state, and your suggestion "that no compliment more fitting could be bestowed upon the valiant defenders of a common country by the chief executive of a restored union and none would be more highly appreciated than that conferred by his presence at such a time and place," enlisted my feeling and interest. More recently indications have been disclosed that however correctly you expressed the prevailing sentiment in the Grand Army there are members and some posts of that body entertaining different feelings in respect to my attendance and that my acceptance of your invitation would lead to discord in the organization as well as an interruption of cordiality at the coming encampment. Without entering into a discussion of these opinions and unmoved by any feeling, although I deeply regret the condition, I can but regard it my duty to refrain from contributing by my actions to so undesirable a result. Nothing can be of greater importance in connection with the encampment than the free and unrestrained manifestation by its participants of that patriotic fraternity of feeling suggested by the selection of the place of holding it, and which is at once proof of the complete success of their arms and the highest glory of our veteran soldiers. I am constrained, therefore, to withhold my purposed acceptance of your invitation. In doing so I assure you of my unfeigned hope and sincere wish that in the agreeable entertainment prepared by the hospitable people of St. Souis, the veterans of the Grand Army may enjoy the most pleasant, profitable and useful reunion in their history. Very truly yours,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Pennsylvania's Wealth of Fuel.

The vast dimensions to which the coal production of this country has grown is shown by statistics given by United States geological survey. In 1886 the number of tons of all kinds of coal produced and consumed was 107,682,209, valued at $147,112,755 at the mines. Of this aggregate amount 36,696,475 tons, or nearly one-third, was anthracite, produced exclusively in Pennsylvania, and valued at $71,558,126; nearly one-half of the value of the entire coal production. The amount of bituminous, cannel and lignite coals was 70,985,734 tons, of the value of $75,556,629.

These figures tell the story of the wonderful growth of an industry and interest the infancy of which scarcely dates back to the first quarter of the present century. The larger part of this development was made within the past thirty years.

It is gratifying to see that Pennsylvania maintains the leading position in this exhibit of mineral wealth, which is attributed to her supply of anthracite, although in bituminous production she is not surpassed by any other State. The latter has not been developed to the extent of her hard coal production, but its development is progressing at an astonishing rate, and when it reaches its fullest stage, in the same ratio with the anthracite, the value of the output of Pennsylvania's mineral fuel will be incalculable. This source of wealth will be supplemented by the product of the gas wells which may or may not be inexhaustible, but in any event will be of great advantage to the State.

Gov. Beaver and family are spending the Summer at their home in Bellefonte.

McGlynn Excommunicated.

Rev. Edward McGlynn, the Romish priest of New York, who has been advocating Henry George's land theories has been formally excommunicated by the Pope of Rome. A large meeting of the sympathizers of McGlynn was held in New York on Saturday evening. The deposed priest was present, and made a speech, in the course of which he said:

It is a wonderful evidence of the wisdom and goodness of the God we adore, that in the midst of the trials and perplexities of life, while our minds are troubled and our heart strings torn, there is yet one clear and simple guide which is given to every being and which, if followed and obeyed by him, will lead to a satisfactory and perfect deliverance. It is a wonderfully simple thing. It resides with in him and its only requirements are a perfectly subservient and humble will to that conscience which teaches men to do only what is right. This is the natural law of truth which of necessity precedes all real law.

Our God is a merciful, as well as a wise one. He will never condemn any being who follows the dictates of his conscience, even be that conscience an erring one. In obeying it he is forever obeying the will of God, as is a dogma of the Catholic faith, and according to all Christian philosophy and teaching the man who goes against the Holy Ghost; and despite the power of any authority, even the Pope, if a man does or says anything in obedience to that power, if in so doing he goes against his conscience he sins. Even if a high Roman tribunal summons a man before them for teaching the truth which he knows to exist, and if that tribunal should condemn his doctrines without giving them a trial, and command him to retract them, it is his duty before God to refuse to do so. [Cheers, prolonged.]

And if it was in its power, as it one time was, but thank God no longer is, to imprison and martyr the truth and the persons of those who have read God's word in nature before they have been able to see it—should they summon him and command him to retract under the penalty of imprisonment or martyrdom, it is his duty to resist and even be burned alive at the stake rather than commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost of declaring what his conscience believed to be false.

The speaker here referred, as recently, to the imprisonment of Galileo, and stated that with him that man should say: "I submit to your sentence while detesting your tyranny." Dr. McGlynn continued:

It is no tribute to God to poke out our eyes so that we cannot see the truth for ourselves. It is the teaching of Catholic theology, though that theology is often perverted to gratify the lust and crime of those who are in power and who teach it (for the theology is always good, though the teachers are often wicked) all truth is one. No two truths can clash with each other, for all truth is one. No two truths can clash with each other, for all truth comes from God, and where, through the ignorance of the interpreter or other causes, the word of God in the Bible or elsewhere is made to seem to clash with some of the indisputable truths of nature, it is not that the word of God is wrong, but that it has been falsely represented.

If you want to see true devotion to the Catholic Church, go where it is in a minority and with little power, as in Ireland and Germany. I reassert that I know a German-American Bishop, an intimate friend of Cardinal Gibbons, who said that the Roman authorities wanted to have a Nuncio at the court of King Grover the First. Here the doctor stated that the reference to King Grover was only a joke. "It is a droll and inconceivable one—the idea of having a Nuncio at Washington—but entirely in keeping with the doings of those who conceived the idea of sending two Italian prelates to Catholic Ireland. It was with a thorough knowledge of the matter I had in hand that I said an Italian nuncio would be a source of corruption and slavery to the Catholic Church in America. I also said to an eminent Catholic lawyer that with my knowledge of Rome I thought it better to show one's teeth than to eat humble pie when endeavoring to get favors from it.

An Under Ground Fire.

POTTSVILLE, PA., July 11.—Otto, one of the best collieries of the Philadelphia and Reading company, located at Branchdale, seven miles west of Pottsville, is on fire and is probably doomed to destruction, entailing a loss to the company approximating $100,000. The fire was discovered about 9 o'clock Monday night by a pump boy named Ferguson, who was at the time alone in the mines. He had come out of the Holmes vein slope for a bottle of water and returning found the timbering afire It had, it is believed, ignited from the steam pipes which worked the inside pumps. Young Ferguson pulled the bell rope at once and was hoisted out of danger.

The colliery whistle sounded an alarm through the patch and across the hills to the miners. In an hour hundreds of people were at the scene. An effort was first made to smother the fire with steam, but before morning the flames were leaping thirty feet above the mouth of the slope. The neighboring stream was dammed and a fire steamer brought from Minersville. Twelve hundred feet of hose were required to reach the mouth of the slope. Another stream was diverted and coal dirt was washed into the airway to cut off the fire from the Primrose and Mammoth veins. If this has not succeeded, the colliery is doomed. What success the scheme has produced may not be known for weeks.

Smoke still issues from the pit, indicating the continued presence of fire. The breaker was endangered and sparks from the steamer set the powder house afire. The most intense excitement prevailed all day. All the mine superintendents of the district were called in consultation. Sixteen mules were suffocated.

The mine shipped 100 cars a day. It employed 300 men and boys. They will be idle six months at least.

POTTSVILLE, PA., July 12.—The fire in the Otto colliery is still raging, although water and culmin in great volume are constantly being poured into the mine. The ground about the mouth of the slope is caving in and serious apprehensions are entertained of the sinking of the engine house. Young Eddy Ferguson, son of the outside boss, the lad who first discovered the fire, met an awful death at the scene this afternoon. The lad brought his father's dinner to him, and in crossing the floor of the engine room the charred boards gave way, and the boy was precipitated into the burning mine. The recovery of his body was impossible, as even had it been possible that it escaped annihilation, the outburst of flames caused by the collapse of the engine house floor rendered approach to the opening out of the question.

A Pungent Rebuke to Brawlers.

A REPUBLICAN MISSOURI GOVERNOR AND GRAND ARMY MAN SPEAKS.

I have been a citizen of Missouri all my life, and of St. Louis for lo, these many years. Whatever has been done before by the citizens' committee, which extended an invitation to the President, I heartily indorse to day, and I reiterate the invitation extended to be present at the meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic here. I am an old Grand Army man, an old Abolitionist, and I am an old black Republican today, as you know. I abate not one jot or tittle of my political antecedents or preferences, but I say as a citizen of St Louis that no man desires the President to visit St. Louis more than I do, and I say to you as one of the earliest members of the Grand Army, and speaking for the men with whom I marched and fought, that the Grand Army men of St. Louis unite heartily in the invitation to the President of the United States, as President of the United States. [Applause.]

And I speak for the Grand Army men of the city of St. Louis because I know them all as a Past Commander of a post, and I know that if the President of the United States, should come here as the guest of St. Louis they would show him all the respect any citizen of St. Louis could possibly show him. I believe I could speak for the whole of the Grand Army, but you know that there are 300,000 men in the organization, and in 300,000 men there are liable to be a considerable number who haven't any sense. I want to say here that the Grand Army is not to be held responsible for the utterances of a few fools among them. I come to-day as a citizen of St. Louis and a member of the Grand Army to extend the heartiest invitation to the President of the United States, as such, to attend the festivities this fall.

I speak for myself when I say that I gladly extend a hearty welcome to Grover Cleveland as a man, aside from the fact that he is the President of the United States, and I say this as my political opinions differ from his, because in every position in which he has been placed he has shown himself to be a man. [Applause and cheers.] When they bounced on him about that order to return the flags all the country of my persuasion got up on their hind legs, and I must say I got up on my hind legs. But the man got up and did not say that he had been deceived by any one or that he had been misunderstood, but like a man he stood up and said: "I did it and I was wrong." And a man who can stand up before 50,000,000 people and say "I am wrong" is a man and deserves the respect of the people.

Free Luxuries, Dear Necessities.

It seems very odd to see certain so-called Democratic journals advocating a repeal of the internal revenue taxes, and arguing that the war tariff must remain untouched, as though it were the fetich of a barbarous tribe.

All the internal revenue taxes have been abolished, save those upon liquors and tobacco. From producing a revenue of $309,000,000 a year, as it did at the end of the war, the internal system has been steadily lopped off, until it now yields but little over $100,000,000. The tariff, on the contrary, is nearly up to the maximum rate of the war taxation. It took from the people last year $20,000,000 more than it did in 1866.

The internal taxes on tobacco may properly be abolished, inasmuch as the Government does not need the revenue, and the domestic product is chiefly consumed by the poor. But to repeal the tax on whiskey and leave it undiminished upon clothing, sugar, salt, lumber, glass, iron and coal, would be strange financiering and still more strange politics. Untaxed luxuries and war-taxed necessities would not make a good Democratic shibboleth.—*World.*

Rock Glen.

Farmers are busy gathering in their crops.

The Buckeye binders work like a charm. Wm. Shellhammer is doing some good work with one.

Freight trains now run on the Nescopeck R. R.

Reece Hutchins has gone to Philadelphia where he has accepted a position with J. D. Rouch formerly of this place.

The corner stone laying for the New Lutheran church will take place on the 31st inst. Revs. Wirt of Hughesville and Wagner of Hazleton will be among those present.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt of Hazleton were the guests of Stephen Turnbach on Sunday.

The Evangelical church held a festival on Saturday evening which was a success.

Shellhammer Bros. are arranging a fine picnic ground near Sugarloaf station. A good well has been dug on the grounds with other improvements will make it second to none in the community.

Mountain Grove will soon be the centre of attraction.

Railroad Men Must Not Drink.

Superintendent Lawler, of the Reading railroad, has issued a notice to all employes of the Schuylkill division that they must abstain from intoxicants, whether on duty or not. Any man reported to him as having been seen taking a drink of liquor or beer will be summarily dismissed from the service of the company. He says in his orders that "There is no business that needs levelheaded men more than railroading, both for the safety of employes and the traveling public."

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA TRADE MARK

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Peculiar **To Itself**

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

40 DOLLARS pays for LIFE SCHOLARSHIP in PALMS' BUSINESS COLLEGE 1709 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Positions for Graduates. Time required 3 to 4 mos. The Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. Best Everything. Write for Circulars.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Wall St., N. Y.

CANDIDATES' CARDS.

The names announced under this heading are subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention, to be held in Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, July 26, 1887. The Delegate Election will be held on Saturday, July 23, between the hours of 3 and 7 p. m.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
CYRUS B. McHENRY,
Of Fishingcreek Township.

FOR PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS,
WM. H. SNYDER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
C. H. CAMPBELL,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
N. P. MOORE,
of Hemlock Township.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
G. W. STERNER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. B. CROOP,
Of Briarcreek.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
G. A. HERRING,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
H. C. KELCHNER,
Of Scott Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
STEPHEN POHE,
Of Centre Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WASHINGTON PARR,
Of Franklin.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
L. M. CREVELING,
Of Fishingcreek.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WM. G. GIRTON,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
ELIAS HOWELL,
Of Mt. Pleasant Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
JESSE RITTENHOUSE,
Of Beaver Twp.

Schuyler's Hardware.

WIRE NETTING

We carry in stock galvanized wire netting 2 inch mesh from one foot in width to six feet wide; the low price of one cent a square foot has brought it into various uses, it makes a very cheap fence and is used largely in poultry yards, and around private residences, the narrow widths are used for training vines up porches, etc. By bending it around trees the wider sizes make excellent tree boxes at a very little cost and trouble, and prevent their injury by horses and cattle. We also keep the fine Netting for windows and doors; you can get it all widths here from 20 inches to 36 inches and save waste in cutting.

SUMMER GOODS.

Among Summer goods in season comes first, Cherry pitters, the old reliable style, only 50 cents now. Fruit Kettles all kinds, brass, iron, porcelain lined Tinned Iron. Agate Kettles, Fly traps, Water Coolers, Refrigerators, Ice Pitchers, Apple Parers.

HARVESTING TOOLS.

Double Harpoon Horse Hay Forks, pulleys Rope, hand hay forks, rakes, field kegs, all at prices that make them sell; give us a call before buying elsewhere. Resp.

J. R. SCHUYLER & Co.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Frederick Derr, of Madison Twp.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Derr, late of Madison township, deceased, have been granted by the register of Columbia county to J. S. McBride, to whom all debts due to the said estate, must be paid; and all claims against the estate, properly authenticated for settlement, must be made.

J. S. McBRIDE,
White Hall, Pa.

Or to
JOHN G. FREEZE, Bloomsburg, Pa. jy8

GREAT INDUCEMENTS !

We are offering great inducements to persons desiring to purchase Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

A Magnificent Upright or Square Piano for $250.00 and Upwards.

A Good Double Reed Organ, Warranted, for $65.00 and Upwards.

Among the Pianos we handle are the *IVERS & POND, C. C. BRIGGS, BAUS & CO., SCHOMACKER Gold String and Opera Pianos.* These Pianos are all first-class and fully warranted for five years.

Our leading Organs are the celebrated *ESTEY, MILLER, UNITED STATES* and other makes.

Our leading Sewing Machines are the celebrated *WHITE, NEW DAVIS, NEW DOMESTIC, NEW HOME, HOUSEHOLD, ROYAL ST. JOHN and STANDARD ROTARY Sewing Machine,* the finest and best Rotary Sewing Machine in the world.

Before purchasing write for Catalogues to J. SALTZER'S PALACE OF MUSIC AND GREAT SEWING MACHINE DEPOT, Main St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, July 16, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain messuage or tract of land, situate in Centre township, Columbia county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: On the north by Nob Mountain land, on the east by land of Wm. Beck estate, on the south by land of Charles Whitmire and on the west by land of Wm. Beck estate, containing about sixty acres of land, more or less, on which are erected a dwelling house, barn and outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Sallie A. Robbins.

MILLER, Atty. SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, August 6, 1887,

at 10 o'clock a. m., all that certain messuage, piece or parcel of land, situate in Franklin township, Columbia county, Pa., No. 1 bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in a public road leading from Catawissa to Roaringcreek, in Franklin township, near the house of John Glassmeier, thence north twenty-eight and a half degrees east thirty-two and six-tenths rods to a yellow pine, down; thence north one degree east one hundred and sixty-four and three-tenths rods to a post; thence south eighty-three degrees west one hundred and seventy-nine rods to a hickory; thence south eight degrees west, one hundred and twenty and three-tenths rods to a point in the public road; thence south eighty-six degrees east, one hundred and thirty-five and nine-tenths rods to a point in the road to Roaringcreek road; thence south twenty degrees east, eighteen and nine-tenths rods; thence seventy-seven and a half degrees east, sixteen rods; thence south thirty-six degrees east, twenty-six and six-tenths rods to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and sixty-one acres and nineteen perches, on which are erected a frame dwelling house, bank barn and outbuildings.

ALSO,

A right of way from said house along the right bank of Roaringcreek through division No. 2 to a public road sold to Jacob Schuyler by John W. Hoffman, High Sheriff of Columbia county, deed dated March 1, 1879, and conveyed by said Schuyler to J. B. Robison.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Thos. Trench vs. James Boyd Robison, and to be sold as the property of James Boyd Robison.

ZARR, Atty. SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

SATISFACTION OF A MORTGAGE.

COMMON PLEA: No. SEPT. TERM, 1887.

In the matter of the petition of Wm. Chrisman, for satisfaction of a mortgage given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, ss:—

To Philip Poke and his heirs, or legal representatives, and all persons claiming to be the owner or owners of said mortgage:

Whereas, it appears by the records, in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, &c., at Bloomsburg, that a certain mortgage, dated the 10th day of March, 1826, given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke, to secure the payment of certain money, viz: $150, with interest, &c., recorded in Mortgage Book No. 1, page 437 and 438, remains unsatisfied.

And whereas, it is alleged that all the money due on said mortgage was paid, and a legal presumption now exists of the payment of said mortgage from lapse of time. And whereas, Wm. Chrisman, present owner of the mortgaged premises, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, where said premises are situated, praying said Court to decree and direct that satisfaction be entered upon the record of said mortgage on payment of the costs due on the same, and the satisfaction so entered shall forever discharge and release the lien of said mortgage from the said premises. Therefore all persons interested as owners or holders of said mortgage, are required, by an order of said Court, to appear at the next term of said Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, on the 4th Monday of September, A. D. 1887, to answer the petition as aforesaid, and to show cause, if any there be, why said mortgage shall not be satisfied as prayed for in said petition.

June24 SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that applications will be received by the Bloomsburg School District for Principal of the Public schools up to July 22. Applicants must present testimonials with satisfactory evidence of qualification for the position, and state amount of salary desired.

21. J. J. LAWALL, Sec'y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration, de bonis non., with the will annexed, on the estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp., deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia county to John G. Freeze, to whom all claims against said estate, properly authenticated, must be presented, and all debts due the same be paid.

July 1-6t. JOHN G. FREEZE, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF DAVID LOWENBERG, DEC'D.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of David Lowenberg, late of Bloomsburg, in Columbia county, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Wills of said county, to Sarah Lowenberg and Louis Lowenberg, to whom all payments on account must be made, and all claims for settlement.

June 25, 1887. SARAH LOWENBERG,
LOUIS LOWENBERG,
JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty. july1-6t

FRAZER AXLE GREASE!
BEST IN THE WORLD
Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.
july15 4t.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

All people of Dyspeptic ways
Should learn to lengthen out their days.
When Indigestion makes a call,
Or Constipation, worse than all,
Makes life a burden, bear in mind,
In Tarrant's Seltzer health you'll find.

july15 4t.

MARKET REPORTS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKET.

	Wholesale.	Retail
Wheat per bushel......	85	
Rye " "	56	
Corn " "	50	65
Oats " "	35	45
Flour " bbl......	4.50 to 6	
Butter......................	16	18
Eggs........................	14	16
Potatoes....................		
Hams........................	12	16
Dried Apples...............	03	05
Side........................	07	10
Shoulder....................	09	12
Chickens....................	8	12
Geese.......................		
Lard per lb................	08	10
Vinegar per gal...........	20	30
Onions per bushel.........	60	75
Veal skins..................	07	
Wool per lb................	35	
Hides....	5 to 7	

COAL ON WHARF.

No 6 $2.00; Nos 2 3, & Lump $3.25
No. 5 $3.00 Bituminus $3.25

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Reported by G. S. Palmer, Wholesale Commission Merchant, 166 Reade St., N. Y.

The week opens with decidedly cooler weather and especially appreciated by all dealers in perishable produce, as the extremely hot, muggy weather of last week proved most disastrous to both wholesale and retail dealers. Receipts of fruit generally light to-day, and choice found quite ready sale, except huckleberries which are in large supply and, N. Y. and Pa. selling 8 to 10c. Jersey 6 to 8. Boxes 75 to $1. Currants continue in small supply and selling 10 to 12c qt., 7 to 8c lb, small 5 to 6c lb. Raspberries, large red Antwerp and Marlboro's 3 to 5 cts. Small natives unsalable black raspberries 7 to 10c qt. Peas, sugar $3 to $4 per bbl. N. J. and L. I. 175, with bbl $2. Cabbage 4 to 5. Corn 75 to $1 per 100. Tomatoes, N. J., $1 to 1.50 per crate. Beans 50 to 75c bag. Poultry, spring chickens, alive, large 10 to 20c, small 16, dressed 24 to 28c. Fowls 12c Ducks 17 to 18c. Fresh eggs 15 to 16c Fancy leghorn 18 to 20c. Receipts of butter large to day. Fancy creamery tubs and pails 19 to 20c., Select dairy 17 to 19, fair 16 to 16. Cheese, fancy 9c. prime 8 to 8½. Beans, marrow 1 90 to 1 95, medium 1 75 to 1 80, white kidney 1 80, red kidney 1 70 to 1 75. But little doing in dried fruits, owing to the light crop of cherries. New blackberries 8c. Huckleberries 7c. Wool, xxx 39; xx 36 to 38, x 32 to 34 fine washed, 36 to 39 extra pulled 31 to 35. Hay 60 to 80. Rye straw 50 to 65.

Orphans' Court Sale
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate!

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, Penn'a, there will be exposed to public sale on the premises, in the town of Bloomsburg, in said county, on

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1887,

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate, late of Henry Hoffman, deceased, to wit: A lot of ground situated in the aforesaid town of Bloomsburg, fronting on Fifth street in said town fifty feet, and extending in depth one hundred and fifty eight feet, adjoining lands of D. J. Waller and others, whereon is erected a good two-story

BRICK DWELLING HOUSE!

and all other necessary outbuildings, a well of good water, and a variety of choice fruit trees. This property is situated in the most desirable part of the town of Bloomsburg, and is an excellent location for a private dwelling or other purposes.

☞ Conditions made known on day of sale.

THOMAS J. HOFFMAN, Administrator.
C. E. Geyer, Att'y.
June 24, 1887-4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Noah Arndt, late of Montour Township, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the said estate having been granted to the undersigned admr., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate present the same to

JACOB E. KRUM, Administrator,
LITTLES, Attys. [1l7] Catawissa, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOSHUA D. WILLET, DECEASED.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court, to make distribution of the balance in hands of Sarah A. Willet, Executrix of the last will and testament of Joshua D. Willet, late of the town of Bloomsburg, deceased, among the parties entitled thereto will meet all parties interested for the purpose of his appointment, on Saturday, July 16, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m., at his office, in town of Bloomsburg, when and where they may attend, if they see proper.

(Jun24) C. W. MILLER, Auditor.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

In the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Columbia:

No. Sept. T., 1887.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court, or a law judge thereof, on Monday, the first day of August, 1887, at 9 o'clock a. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by Rev. Joshua H. Derr, Reuben Shuman, Emanuel Helwig, Benjamin Barndt, Charles Clewell, Peter Shook, A. L. Holshoe, Calvin Barndt and John F. Hedden, all residents of Catawissa, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Saint John's Reformed Church, of Catawissa," the character and object of which is "the worship of Almighty God, according to the Constitution, canons, discipline, doctrine, Faith, government and forms of the Reformed Church in the United States of America," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy, all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act and its supplements.

July 15, 1887 3t. N. U. FUNK, Solicitor.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE COLUMBIAN,

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1887.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Trains on the Philadelphia & R R. leave Rupert as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:14 a. m.	11:27 a. m.
3:10 p. m.	6:30 p. m.

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7.19 a. m.	8:32 a. m.
11:07 a m.	12:05 a. m.
2:24 p. m.	4:18 p. m.
6:36 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloomsburg as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:46 a. m.	11:54 a. m.
5:46 p. m.	4:19 p. m.
6:26 p. m.	6:30 p. m.
SUNDAY.	
NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	6:59 p m

SALES.

JULY 29. The administrators of David Lowenberg, deceased, will sell personal property consisting of a pair of ponies, wagons, harness, stocks &c., on the premises in Bloomsburg, at 1 o'clock. See posters.

JULY 15.—Thos. J. Hoffman, administrator of Henry Hoffman, deceased, will sell real estate on Fifth street, Bloomsburg, being a lot of 50 feet front, with two story brick dwelling, and outbuildings, at 2 o'clock p. m. See advertisement.

A Fine Residence For Sale.

The executors of Mary N. Harman, deceased, offer at private sale a handsome residence on Market street above Main, Bloomsburg. The house is of brick, large pleasant rooms, steam heat, gas, water, sewerage, and all modern improvements. There is a large frame barn, ice house and outbuildings. One of the most desirable locations in the town. Terms easy.

They also offer for sale thirty-seven acres of land on Normal hill, adjoining P. Dillon's and the Hoyt estate. Can be divided into desirable building lots. For terms and particulars apply to I. W. McKelvy, one of the executors, or Geo. E. Elwell, attorney, Bloomsburg, Pa. tf

FOR RENT.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The Music Hall, formerly Eureka Rink, is offered for sale or rent on reasonable terms by the new manager. Parties wishing to hold festivals will do well to see the manager.

J. D. SHAFFER, Manager.

Shipping tags, with or without strings at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic voters of the several districts of Columbia county will meet at the usual places of holding elections, on Saturday July 23, between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock p. m., and elect delegates by ballot to represent the districts in the County Convention, to be held in the Opera House, Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, July 26, at 11 o'clock a. m., to place in nomination one person for Associate Judge, one person for Prothonotary, &c., one person for Register and Recorder, one person for County Treasurer, two persons for County Commissioners, and two persons for County Auditors, and to transact such other business as the interests of the Democratic party may require. Also at the same time and places, and in the same manner, the Democratic electors in each district will elect one person to serve as a member of the Standing Committee, which will meet immediately after the adjournment of the Convention.

By order of Standing Committee,

R R. LITTLE,
CHAIRMAN.

Collectors' receipt books and notices for sale at this office. tf.

Apportionment of Delegates.

The following apportionment of Delegates has been made by the Standing Committee, in accordance with the Revised Rules, viz:—Rule 2nd. The representation of Districts in County Convention shall be in proportion to the Democratic vote of each, as cast at the most recent election for Governor, but the whole number of delegates shall not exceed eighty-five, and no district shall be allowed less than two, nor more than four delegates.

Rule 3rd. Delegates shall be allowed to districts upon a ratis of sixty votes for a delegate, allowance being made for the largest fraction of a vote:

Districts.	Vote for Gov'r.	Delegates.
Beaver,	168	3
Benton,	218	4
Berwick, E.,	44	2
Berwick, W.,	99	2
Bloom, E.,	242	4
Bloom, W.,	170	3
Briarcreek,	129	2
Catawissa,	272	4
Centralia,	297	4
Centre,	146	2
Conyngham, N.,	140	2
Conyngham, S.,	66	2
Fishingcreek,	257	4
Franklin,	67	2
Greenwood,	180	3
Hemlock,	117	2
Jackson,	122	2
Locust,	222	4
Madison,	144	2
Main,	119	2
Mifflin,	197	3
Montour,	72	2
Mt. Pleasant,	80	2
Orange,	115	2
Pine,	93	2
Roaringcreek,	73	2
Scott, W.,	71	2
Scott, E.,	98	2
Sugarloaf,	166	3
Total,	4184	75

Notice to Committeemen.

The delegate election tickets have been printed at this office, and are being sent to the committeemen of the several districts. Should any fail to reach their destination by Wednesday of next week the committeemen should inform us, so that we can send duplicates. Don't wait until the polls open before looking after the tickets. See that they are on hand in time.

During July and August the COLUMBIAN office will close every day at six o'clock.[tf

Personal.

Dr. J. Schuyler and wife have returned from Ocean Grove.

R. W. Oswald has moved into the Harman property on Market street.

Miss Stella Sickler, of Tunkhannock, is the guest of Miss E. W. McKelvy.

Mrs. Morris Shipley and children, of Cincinnati, are visiting at Mr. Wm. Neal's.

Rev. W. C. Leverett exchanged pulpits last Sunday with Rev. Maxwell, of Danville.

Miss Bessie Hughes, of the Normal School, is spending her vacation at home—in Shickshinny.

The wood work about the Exchange Hotel is being repainted.

Every democrat should attend the delegate election on Saturday, July 23.

Dr. J. H. Moore of Pittston has decided to give up his visits to Bloomsburg.

C. C. Marr is improving rapidly in health and strength. We hope soon to see him on the streets again.

The Messrs. Caswell Bros. desire to express thanks to those who so kindly assisted them in their late bereavement.

Cottagers at Eaglesmere boast of wearing overcoats and sleeping under blankets this July weather.

If you must drink ice water, drink a little of it at a time. Profuse libations from the ice jug are frequently fatal and always dangerous.

Harrie Purse has the agency for the Wilkes-Barre Steam Laundry. Leave orders with him.

The sale of land in the Albertson estate Greenwood township, by Samuel Smith, Trustee, has been adjourned until Saturday August 6 at 3 p. m.

A campmeeting will be held at Rupert Grove by the A. M. E. Church of Bloomsburg, beginning Saturday, July 30, and continuing until August 8. (4t.

Viewers appointed by the Court to assess damages in the case of John P. Creasy against the B. & S. R. R. Co., met on Monday and awarded the plaintiff $300.

Mr. Jesse D. Rice died at his residence, 209 Briggs street, Harrisburg, Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock. He was brought to Bloomsburg for interment Thursday.

We are indebted to H. A. M'Killip for a copy of the "Blast" photograph, taken when blasting the rocks on the Irondale road, of which mention was made at the time.

There will be an ice cream festival held in the grove at the Kitchen M. E. Church, Saturday evening July 16. All are cordially invited to atttend. Proceeds for benevolent purposes.

One hundred and twenty-four inmates, who were removed from Blockley hospital, Philadelphia, to Danville, at the time of the fire at Blockley, were removed Tuesday to Philadelphia, the hospital having been rebuilt.

It is an ever growing conviction that Live Stock Ins. has come to stay and that the Union Co. Mutual Live Stock Ins. Co. is king of all doing business in the State, of which the best business men take advantage.

A teachers' examination will be held at Mifflinville, July 15, at Rupert, July 19, at Buckhorn, July 21, at Jerseytown, July 22, Roaringcreek, Locust and Franklin at Roaringcreek, July 27, Scott, at Lightstreet, July 30, Beaver and Main, at Mainville, August 2.

Hon. A. L. Fritz having served his regular term in the Legislature will now devote his time to the practice of his legal profession. His card appears at the head of column on first page. Those desiring to consult him on any legal matter will find him in his office over post office at all hours of the day.

J. Saltzer received on Saturday last a fine upright piano. For tone and volume it can not be excelled anywhere. Mr. Saltzer handles only the best makes of pianos and organs, and sells them as cheap as inferior articles. Call and see his instruments at his large warerooms a few doors below Market street.

Bishop Howe has announced his intention to retire from the active work of the bishopric, and hereafter he will be merely counsellor to assist Bishop Rulison, who will perform the active work of the bishopric under the direction of Bishop Howe. The latter is now the oldest living member of the house of bishops in America, and is fast approaching his 80th year.

A game of lawn tennis was played last Monday at the grounds of the Bonita club, in the rear of the Episcopal Church, between Messrs. Kase and McGill, of the Danville club, and Leverett and Smith, of the Bloom club, which resulted in the defeat of the Danville boys, every set being beaten by the home team. Quite a large number of the Bloom club witnessed the game.

Peter Melick of Mt. Pleasant township, having become violent and making serious threats, was brought to town Wednesday of last week, and committed to jail to await the verdict of a committee in lunacy. A committee consisting of Dr. McKelvy, J. J. Lawall, and Wm. Christman, examined him Wednesday afternoon and in compliance with their verdict he was taken to the Danville Asylum Thursday.

Miss Luida Musgrave of Welliversville died at the home of her niece at Montoursville last week. About five weeks ago she took sick with typhoid malaria while visiting with her niece Mrs. Lee Heller at Montoursville, in Lycoming county. The remains were brought down on Saturday last and services held at 10 a. m., conducted by Rev. Hooven. Interment in Kitchen cemetery. The deceased was of a kind and loving disposition and leaves a wide circle of friends to mourn her loss.

Persons having unsettled accounts on the books of the late David Lowenberg, are earnestly requested to make prompt settlement of the same, as the administrators desire to close and settle the estate within the year. Attention to this notice and request will greatly aid them, and save trouble, annoyance and costs. The administrators will be in attendance at the old place of business for this purpose, with the books and accounts.

S. LOWENBERG,
L. LOWENBERG,
3t Administrators.

Mr. Warren McHenry, son of Hon. James McHenry and member of the firm of McHenry & Sons, died at his home at Cambra, Tuesday night of last week. About six weeks ago a tumor was removed from his lip by Dr. Murphy of Wilkes-barre. Soon after the brain became affected and at intervals he had violent spasms. He was only partially conscious during the six weeks of his affliction, and his suffering only ceased when his eyes were closed in death. He was about 33 years of age, was born and raised near Cambra and leaves a wife and one child.

The lightning rod swindlers who offer to put new rods in the place of the old ones for a very small sum of boot money, have turned up again. Their mode of operation is to get the farmers' signature to a contract to pay the small difference between the price of the new and the old rods. Of course, when the festive agent is out of reach, the contract turns up as a judgment note for ten times the amount of the original agreement. The dodge is such an old one and has been exposed so often that any farmer foolish enough to be taken in by it should be sent to an asylum for the feeble minded.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending July 12, 1887:

W. F. Bartch, Miles Carnes, Miss Alice Huthings, M. Ross, John Reilly, Miss Dora Teple, Jacob Wanich, W. S. Williams.

CARDS.

W. S. Irwin, Sam. Jones.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

Award of Damages.

In the case of John Zaner vs B. & S. railroad, the jury of viewers on Saturday last awarded $1700 damages. In the case of Samuel Snive the jury met on Monday and awarded $300 damages.

Letter From Dr. Ammerman.

GREENWOOD, DEL., July 7th, 1887.

The glorious Fourth is passed and the song of the fire cracker is no more heard in our land. Business has again resumed its former aspect and time rolls on. We, the citizens of Greenwood and vicinity, loaded down with patriotism and love for our country, helped to celebrate the day at Farmington, five miles north of us. The day was delightful, a cool breeze, with now and then a cloud to hide the rays of the sun, made it as pleasant a Fourth of July as we have ever witnessed. There was a large crowd of people there. Appropriate speeches, music by a cornet band, a bounteous supper gotten up by the ladies of the M. E. Church for the benefit of the parsonage of that place, and a game of base ball between a nine composed of Greenwood and Farmington boys vs. a Dover nine which resulted in a victory for the former of 7 to 15, were among the amusements of the day.

Harvesting commenced here about the 10th of June and the wheat crop is very good. The first threshed in this section was a ten acre field on the farm of John Todd near this place, the yield of which was 333 bushels from 12 bushels sowing. Others have threshed since that have averaged from 25 to 28 bushels per acre, that is wheat sown on fallon land, that sown on stalk land, i. e. on land that corn had been taken off of or sown in corn stubble, will not yield so well as it was to dry to get it sowed in time. Oats is ready to harvest and the corn is looking fine. The early varieties of peaches are ripe. The first shipped from this station was on Thursday the 20th of June. From now on till the last of Sept. we will have ripe peaches, as one variety is gone another comes on. It is a beautiful sight to see the trees laden with red ripe fruit. The crop will not be as heavy as some years owing to a frost that killed some while in blossom. Many orchards have all they can bear, while others have not so many. Strawberries were an average crop and sold in Philadelphia, New York and Boston markets for from 4 to 15 cents per quart. Grass was heavy and a good crop of hay was made, our soil is particularly adapted to clover, it takes readily on our lightest soil and on improved land it grows abundant. We are having in abundance string beans, new potatoes, beets, radishes, peas, &c. Also berries of every description, both wild and cultivated, many of the above we have enjoyed for weeks past. We will soon have sugar corn, sweet potatoes, water melons, tomatoes, &c.

On Sunday the 3rd inst myself and family in company with David Stroup and family and others from this place drove down to Brown's M. E. church near Middleford to attend children's day. The three congregations: Brown's, Bethel, and Concord, that compose Cannons circuit, met in the grove near Brown's church and held their services together. This is the church that F. S. Kinports and wife attend. After the forenoon services it was in order to take lunch, and as would be perfectly natural we Pennsylvanians with a few others spread our tables togethar and partook of an excellent dinner such as Penna. women are capable of preparing. In the afternoon services were resumed at 3 o'clock and the day was thus pleasantly spent in listening to the speeches of the children, singing, &c. The collection lifted was $65.

We had a delightful rain last evening and every corn field is doing its level best to get ahead of its neighbor.

David Stroup has his new house about completed and will soon be nicely located on the main county road, the old buildings are back. His crops are looking fine. He will do well here, for, as the saying is here, "he's a working white man sure." F. S. Kinports is rapidly improving his farm and is getting along nicely. Will have a nice lot of peaches this year. Mrs. A. opened a millinery and notion store here this spring and is having a nice trade. There is very little sickness in the county at present. If any of you Columbia county people contemplate visiting Delaware there would be no nicer time for to do so than during the peach season. When you come you will find our latch string on the outside. Respectfully

C. W. AMMERMAN.

Freight Stealing on the Reading Railroad.

A few days ago William Stackhouse, a detective in the employ of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, took decisive steps at Catawissa in disclosing the systematic robbery of freight trains running over the Catawissa and Williamsport branch of the Reading railroad, which has covered a period of six or eight years. The losses of the company through this means over the Catawissa and Williamsport branch will aggregate $10,000 or more, and hitherto no clue could be obtained as to the whereabouts of the goods. The articles stolen consisted of dry goods, groceries, hardware, notions, silks, cloth and every variety of freight that could be handled and secreted. For months past Detective Stack house has been quietly working the matter up, and Friday evening one of the brakemen formerly employed on the divis. was charged with having a hand in the robberies. He broke down when confronted with the evidence against him, and made a confession implicating about thirty of his fellow railroaders. He also told where a lot of the goods were concealed. Search warrants were obtained and the houses indicated were visited. There goods to the amount of nearly $1,000 were recovered.

One of the guilty parties, who heard of this, had a lot of stolen goods in his possession sent to Espy, about six miles from Catawissa, where they were concealed in a hay stack on his brother's farm. The detective traced these goods and secured them, returning with a wagon-load of the plunder. From the evidence in the hands of the authorities obtained through the confessions it appears that the ringleaders in the work were B. J. Nuss, chief dispatcher of the Shamokin Division, formerly a conductor, and in whose house a large portion of the goods were found, and his brother, Aaron Nuss, now a brakeman on the Mahanoy Division, and formerly a brakeman at Catawissa. One of the robbers, who is now a hotel keeper, but who formerly held a position as brakeman on Nuss' train, became alarmed at the turn matters had taken and also made a confession.

The whole town is in an excited state, and groups of men, women and children, lined the streets and corners Saturday awaiting new developments. Quite a number of prominent railroad men are already implicated, and there is no telling who will be arrested next, as a large number of warrants have been issued and the men are being taken from their trains on the Shamokin Division wherever they can be reached. B. J. Nuss was arrested on Saturday afternoon as he stepped from the train at the station, where he had been called by a telegram. He was taken before a Justice of the Peace, where he waived a hearing and entered bail for his appearance at Court.

To close out certain lines of wedding invitations a number of bargains are offered at this office. Those wanting small lots, from 10 to 25, will save money by ordering at the COLUMBIAN office. tf

Drying Up Alive.

A COLORED MAN WHO BREAKS OFF A PIECE OF HIMSELF FOR MONEY.

From the Vicksburg Herald.

An odd case of human wretchedness was reported yesterday by Justice John Levins and Constable Frank Little, who had just returned from a trip to Chickasaw bayou. On a plantation near the bayou they found a negro man who had been a farmer until incapacitated by disease from working. He first attracted their attention by hobbling about on the stumps of what should have been his feet and exhibiting hands which were without fingers or thumb.

Too much accustomed to the sight of queer deformities in persons of the negro race they simply glanced at him and would have passed if the unfortunate African had not deliberately unwrapped a bandage about one of his hands and carelessly caught the remaining stump of a finger between his knee and the wrist of his other hand and with the utmost nonchalance pulled the stump off. He threw it away and again put his disfigured arms in his bandages. He then scratched a considerable portion of his left foot off and settled himself comfortably at rest on the shady side of the fence.

The peace officers recovered their equanimity after a few seconds and held a consultation. They were not sure that if they disturbed the man that he would not unjoint himself entirely and not wishing to be the cause of such a catastrophe, they waited until he had time to grow quiet before they questioned him.

The curiosity started to lie at first, but Justice Lavins put him on his oath to tell the truth, and stopped this. The story told was that about six months ago the victim noticed that his fingers and toes were becoming cramped and numb. He paid no attention until one day in using his index finger as a stopper for his pipe, he broke it off in the bowl. He was alarmed and threw the pipe away, and as he did so, parted with another finger. Panic-stricken he fled to his home, and had a voudoo doctor to attend him. The treatment he received did not benefit him, and he continued to lose his fingers and toes until he became hardened to it and of late, when he found one growing too dry, he would pull it off. One of his feet was gone and the toes of the other were missing. The last finger he possessed was the one his audience saw him remove, and he had stripped nearly all the calloused flesh from one shin. He further stated that he never felt pain.

After he finished the listeners were inclined to doubt, and on the promise of a two-bit piece they darky calmly pulled off a portion of his left ear, which he said was going very rapidly and would fall away in a few days anyhow. He did not seem particularly frightened at his condition, as he thought he had enough legs and arms to last a year or two longer at the worst.

None of the man's friends were able to explain how he contracted his disease and the man did not know himself. The gentlemen who were treated to the sight of his condition were also unable to tell what his trouble is, but are inclined to believe that it is something of the nature of leprosy or elephantasis.

Funeral of S. A. Caswell.

The funeral services were held over the remains of S. A. Caswell, at his late residence on Fifth street, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. A sermon was preached by Rev. F. P. Manhart, of the Lutheran Church, Bloomsburg, and prayer offered by Rev. J. M. Steck, of the Lutheran Church of Williamsport. Monday morning the body was conveyed to the depot of the D. L. & W. R. R. at 8:32, and taken to Jersey Shore via Northumberland. The body being embalmed, was kept in nice state of preservation until the arrival of all of his brothers, the last of whom reached here Saturday afternoon. The funeral cortege reached Jersey Shore in safety and after a journey of about two miles the cemetery was reached and the last sad rites performed, and a kind and loving brother consigned to his resting place. Thus another link of the family chain is gone, while an aged father, six brothers and one sister remain to mourn his loss.

Post Mortem Examination.

A post mortem was held on the body of S. A. Caswell on Thursday morning of last week. During his life he had expressed a wish to his brothers as well as to his attending physician that they should have an examination made of his heart. Accordingly the following [illegible] Drs. [illegible] called in to thus [illegible] F. Gardner, S. B. Arment, H. W. McReynolds, J. C. Rutter of Bloomsburg, and Dr. G. L. Reagan of Berwick. Dr. Reagan reached here at 3:52 and they all went direct to the late residence on corner of West and Fifth streets. The heart was removed and found to have gone through a process of ossification, by which some of the chambers were wholly closed. The heart had become as hard as bone, and the valves ceasing to work, immediate death followed. The other organs of the body were found to be in a healthy condition, except being slightly enlarged and irritated, being in sympathy with the diseased condition of the heart.

The Delegate Election.

As matters now stand Judge McHenry will be nominated for Associate Judge with little opposition if any. Prothonotary Snyder will be renominated without an opponent. The fight will be made on Treasurer, Register and Recorder and commissioners. There should be a large vote polled, as the selection of these officers is a matter of great public importance. Turn out, and see that your neighbors do the same. Delegate election, Saturday, July 23, between 3 and 7 p. m.

Democratic Voters of Columbia Co.

For Register and Recorder vote for M. F. Eyerly at your delegate election and secure a man that can fill said office in every particular.

Can speak the German language. Would hold the office as the servant of the people. He is in need of said office to make a living, office work being the only kind of labor he can perform, on account of physical ailments. A VOTER OF SAID PARTY.

July 9, 1887.

Darbys Prophylactic Fluid.

Gives prompt and permanent relief in burns, scalds, chilblains, venomous stings or bites, cuts and wounds of every description.

It is invaluable in scarlet fever, diphtheria, small-pox, cholera, yellow, typhus, typhoid and other fevers.

For sick-rooms, to prevent the spread of contagion, it is the best disinfectant known.

HON. ALEX. H. STEVENS, OF GA.

Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is an article of little cost, but great value. Its domestic as well as medicinal uses are numerous while its specialties are most wonderful. No head of a family should ever be without it.

Do You Intend Visiting the Sea-shore?

Are you fond of bathing? If so, before leaving the city procure a bottle of Perrine's Pure Barley Malt, and by taking a wineglassful after coming out of the water you will find its beneficial effects wonderful. For sale by all druggists.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11, 1887.

To show the vanity of all the speculation as to the successor of the late Justice Woods, it is only necessary to mention the fact that as the new Justice cannot take his seat on the Bench until he is confirmed by the United States Senate, so then it is not at all probable that the appointment will be made before Congress meets in December, for as the old saying goes, the President does not believe "in crossing a bridge 'till he gets to it."

The President's abandonment of his proposed visit to St. Louis is a theme of absorbing interest and discussion, and volumes *pro* and *con.* have been written and spoken about it. The President's action has had two opposite effects with Grand Army men; one faction plumes itself in having repulsed the President, while the other reluctantly yields him respect and admiration for his resolute moral courage, which so far, has been equal to every requirement throughout his illustrious career. The next day after the appearance of his St. Louis visit, 150 members of General Landner post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Lynn, Mass., called upon the President, gave three ringing cheers and were warmly welcomed to the White House by a patriotic speech from the President.

Under the authority of Congress, Senator Cockrell is drawing to a close his investigation of the methods of conducting the business of the various departments and it is hoped that if no other beneficial result is secured, provision at least will be made for the settlement of the accounts of disbursing officials before grim death cheats the penitentiary.

The colored people of the south are coming forward as complainants before the Inter-State Commission in a renewed effort to secure their so-called "civil rights" by forcing themselves to ride in "de same cyar wid de white folks." I think it would be well to dub the Commission, "The Grand High Court of Complaints," as scarcely a day passes without every conceivable sort of protest and petition being gravely presented for their consideration. Despite the great clamor raised by the railroads against the alleged ingenious effects of the Inter-State act, it would be well to note the significant fact that the net earnings of the principal roads for the month of June, 1887, is greatly in excess of the sum earned during the same period last year. No better argument should be adduced in favor of the law.

A great sensation was created in the Treasury by the arrest of Oscar J. Harvey, chief of a division in the Second Controller's office, for forgeries amounting to $9,2[illegible] The defaulter had prepared his papers to forge accounts amounting to $52,800, and the only thing that prevented him from realizing the sum was the delay of Congress in making the appropriation—it certainly would have been made but for the detection of Harvey's steal, because it is a portion of the Deficiency Appropriation. After being confronted with the evidences of his crime, the wretched man broke down and confessed all. The penalty is $1,000 fine or ten years imprisonment, or both in each case, and there are a hundred cases or more.

Mrs. Pickett, widow of the Confederate General and hero, has returned from Gettysburg, where relatively speaking her reception was as warm as that of her distinguished husband twenty-four years ago. Mrs. Pickett spoke with pride of her great ovation, and in greeting your correspondent, she exhibited her right hand, worn through the skin by the hearty shakes of the gallant and generous Union veterans. In speaking of that memorable and historical event she was almost moved to tears.

The crank, Huba, the man who was arrested for threatening President Cleveland's life has been confined in the Hospital for Insane as a dangerous lunatic.

As a bit of welcome and encouraging news to all good Democrats, I will mention the fact that Washington's Republican postmaster will give place to a Democrat in a short time.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland are en route to New York to attend the Clinton celebration and visit several other places and the trip will doubtless be one of much pleasure and interest to the people as well as their honored guests.

In his frenzied zeal to manufacture a little more bloody shirt political capital, the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* telegraphed his paper that Secretary Endicott, smarting under his responsibility for the battle flag folly, had ordered that [illegible] be furnished the press from the [illegible] the Secretary's spec[illegible] War records, without [illegible] tal inspection and permission. And afterwards [illegible] the Secretary had positively denied the statement, the correspondent reiterates the charge and accuses the Secretary of falsehood.

Persecution at West Point.

West Point has met with a pretty severe rebuke from the administration in the revocation by the president of the unexpected part of the sentence against Cadet Evans of Illinois. He was tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced, because he had stated to a young lieutenant, who was one of his instructors, that he had treated him unfairly. His classmates told the members of the board of visitors that Evans had simply told the truth, whatever difference of opinion there might be as to the propriety of giving expression to his views. But military discipline as interpreted at West Point, could not brook this, and the sentence of the court-martial condemned the cadet to remain at the academy during the entire term of the encampment, and to be put down two numbers on the list. The confinement might be endured, but to be placed down two numbers was a great degradation, which would follow the cadet through life, and which might seriously interfere with just promotion at an important period in his career. The officers at West Point were remonstrated with by high officials. They were told that in the opinion of the outside world the sentence was regarded as arbitrary and severe, and would tend to bring the academy into disfavor in quarters where it much needs friends. The reply simply was that the offense was "heinous"—that was the term used—and that the sentence must stand.

But it happened that young Evans had a great many influential friends, and one of them chanced to be a member of the board of visitors to West Point this year. That member investigated the case, and was convinced that the cadet was the victim either of a persecution or of a martinet system that ought to be rebuked. The visitor was a military man of larger experience than the lieutenant who felt affronted and has seen more of the enemy's fire. He interested the other members of the board in the case, and one of the visitors came to Washington and presented the matter to the War Department authorities and to the President. The result was that Evans was relieved of the unexecuted part of his sentence, and was assigned immediately upon graduation to a regiment to which important duties have recently been intrusted. The intervention of the President in a case which does not involve dismissal from West Point is quite unusual.

Walter L. Main, the proprietor of a small traveling circus, which exhibited here last week, was arrested at Plymouth on Tuesday for defrauding his patrons.

News Items.

John Wanamaker was fifty years old on Monday.

Twenty-five deaths from yellow fever have been reported at Key West.

Henry Watterson thinks that Cleveland will be renominated for the Presidency.

Miss Annie Slater died in church at Pottsville last Sunday morning from a stroke of apoplexy.

Rhode Moe, an auctioneer, was killed on Saturday, July 2, in Franklin township, Bradford county, by Dr. Randolph Lyons, who afterwards shot himself. Both were about 63 years old. On Thursday, July 7th, Mrs. Lyons committed suicide by taking strychnine.

The Broad street station at Philadelphia, is a hotel as well as a railroad depot, and the employees can find everything they want in the building. About 200 trains leave the station daily, and it is estimated that 25,000 passengers take the cars there every day. The station is too small for the business of the road, and it is said that it will soon be enlarged.

The memory of the Garfield family is recalled by the statement that Mollie Garfield, the President's daughter, is to be married th J. Stanley Brown in September. Mr. Brown is best remembered as Mr. Garfield's private secretary, and as the man who rendered such tender but efficient service when the victim of Guiteau's bullet lay stretched upon his death-bed. Although many years the young lady's senior, he is credited with having been a gallant wooer, and the affection between the two is said to be the most tender. It had its birth, indeed, in those sorry times at Washington and Elberon. Whether or not the wedding will be public has not yet been decided, but the privacy in which the family now live would indicate a quiet ceremony.

The proprietors of all the leading hotels of Huntingdon have decided to close their houses against all transient and regular boarders, to take effect on the 10th, because their applications for license were refused last week.

The regular boarders at all the hotels, who have been notified to leave at once, are greatly distressed by reason of their inability to find suitable lodging places elsewhere. Many of them are being taken care of by personal friends. The landlords justify their action by declaring that without license they cannot afford to keep their houses open. It is feared that the success of the proposed celebration of the county's centennial anniversary, to be held in September, will be seriously interfered with in consequence of the hotels being closed to the public.

Oscar S. Harvey of Wilkesbarre, Treasury Chief of Division at Washington, is under arrest for forgery and other fraudulent practices. It seems that while he was acting as chief of the horse claims division he discovered about twenty old cases, in which all the necessary papers had been perfected, but which had never been finally considered, because of the press of other business, and also because no one seemed to be particularly interested in them. Mr. Harvey took charge of them himself, and under the assumed name of "W. W. Wynn, attorney," addressed several letters to the Third Auditor, urging their immediate consideration. Harvey then secured their allowance by the accounting officers by means of the counterfeit stamps and forged signatures which had been so successfully employed by him in other cases.

These claims amounted to $2,550, and checks for that amount were sent to the mythical Mr. Wynn, and in that way came into the hands of Mr. Harvey, who had no difficulty whatever in securing their payment at the Citizen's National Bank of Washington. He forged the necessary indorsements to the checks and then added his own name. This new discovery swells the total amount fraudulently secured by Harvey to $11,700.

Gloomy Prediction.

WHY AN OHIO MAN IS DOWN ON BORING FOR NATURAL GAS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* predicts an overwhelming disaster to the sections of country occupied by the natural gas wells, and is so positive in his assertions that he urges the calling of an extra session of Congress to take some action in the mater. He says: Boring for natural gas should be prohibited by stringent laws. The good people of Ohio and [illegible] while trying to develop the gas [illegible] themselves with [illegible] consider magazines, do not take time to [illegible] that they are toying with a force that may destroy this country and themselves. The danger that impends is well known to scientists. Two hundred years ago in China there was just such a craze about natural gas as we have in this country to-day. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and vigor as the Celestials were capable of; but owing to a gas explosion that killed several millions of people and tore up and destroyed a large district of country, leaving a large inland sea, known on the maps as lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to the Chinese history, that many large and heavy pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near to each other. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well, with its unusual pressure, by induction or back draft, pulled down into the earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful explosion of a large district and destroying the inhabitants threof. Lake Foo Chang rests on this district. The same catastrophe is imminent in this country unless the laws restrict further development in boring so many wells. Should a similar explosion occur there will be such an upheaval as will dwarf the most terrible of earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of 1,200 to 1,500 feet and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever. Some prompt action should be taken at once to prevent this catastrophe."

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE
Cod Liver Oil, With Hypophosphites.
For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. J. Simonaud, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind. In affections of the Lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

MARRIED.

COLLINS—OPPLINGER.—In Bloomsburg, Pa., Thursday, July 7, 1887, by Rev. A. Brittain, Mr. Ira H. Collins to Miss Hattie Opplinger, both of Luzerne Co., Pa.

DIED.

YOHEY.—Near Neal's Furnace, Bloomsburg, Pa., July 8, 1887, Mrs. Emma A. Yohey, aged 23 years and 9 months.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 11, 1887.

Store closed at 1 P. M. on Saturdays during the Summer.

Is there one who comes to the city without knowing that Wanamaker's is a resting, and waiting, and meeting place as well as a Store? There shouldn' be. We welcome the lookers as well as the buyers. The reading rooms and sitting rooms and retiring rooms are for the use of all. Come and rest, or look, or meet your friends; buy or not, as you please. You can leave your bundles in the parcel room free of charge. We try to make the Store seem nearer like home to you than anywhere else you can go outside your own door. Thousands find it so every day.

The price of all our India Silks has tumbled. The lightest of dress silks; as light as gossamer, almost transparent. Characteristic Indian audacity in the handling, These are the Summer stuffs that drove the Swiss silks out of favor—wider, lighter, better, and printed in styles more to American taste. Delicate tints, dainty designs. More than 100 patterns; the latest, neatest, best liked of the season. 50 cents to $1.25.

74 patterns and colorings 10 yards and under. 50 cents *by the yard* all around; they've been $1 to $1.50.

Summer bed-clothing—cheese-cloth comfortables for over-wraps or for sea-side-mattress softeners. Pretty, dainty, soft. Tufted with contrasting colors. $1.75 for white, $2 for pink, blue, red or yellow.

Summer Blankets. As light as flannel but wooly; feel lighter than they are. 10-4 to 13-4; $3.50 to $8.50 according to fineness of wool.

Summer Marseilles White Quilts; light, thin but generous. $2 and $2.50. Marseilles-pattern, Honey-comb Quilts, 90 cents to $1.65.

Mitcheline Spreads, bright, cheerful, and don't show every speck of dust. Blue, buff, pink and bronze. $2.25.

The new Spreads that look like Marseilles and weigh like Honey-comb have made lots of friends. $1.50

Ceylon Flannel. Light weight, soft, pretty; half wool half cotton. Gingham colors; stuff that won't shrink. Scotch skill and honesty in every thread.

Were 37½ cents to 75;
Now 31cents to 50.

All wool Blue Bathing Flannel. Good weight, strong; stuff that'll stand by you in the breakers. 25 to 65 cents.

There is pushing and crowding every day about the 25 cent French Sateen counter. They're worth an effort to get. Light or dark colors, every one has been 37½ cents.

At the Men's Furnishings Counters—

The New Half Hose, 12½c.

The jobber's stock of Men's Neckwear, 10, 15 and 25c., might well be double.

The 50 cent Shirt. Try and match it.

"Slaat 'en! slaat de swartsei[illegible] [illegible] she cried out

The 12½ cent Suspende[illegible], a quarter's worth.

Stop anywhere along the line; see if every dollar's worth you touch isn't marked 50 cents.

Think of what a headquarters for Tourists' Traveling Bags should be; then see what we have. Your fancy won't rise to the reality. The cheapest is of canvas, 14 in., $1.50; split leather, same size, $1.60. The same sorts with better insides from $1.85. Grain leather from smallest, simplest and poorest at $3.25 to the largest and best at $12.25.

Pure Linen Lawns. Light, sheer, cool. Hot weather stuffs that won't wash mean or fuzzy; plain white, and blue, red and black figured. 16 cents from 25.

If you want a Refrigerator that'll keep things cold and dry and sweet you needn't go further than the Alaska. Charcoal packing, zinc lining, every corner get-at-able. $8.50 to $60. Alaska Ice Chests, $4.50 to $14.50.

Women's Silk Gloves, hand-worked silk points, 50 cents; black and colors.

75 cent black and colored Silk Mitts for 35 cents.

The new 50 cent Lisle Hose for women are what you'd expect to pay $1 for.

BOOK NEWS for July, with portrait of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, gives reviews and criticisms of the New Books, selected from the best papers and magazines. 5 cents, 50 cents a year.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square.

Willow chairs—just the thing for warm weather—at Corell's. 3t.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Side boards and mirrors at Corell's. 3t.

Smoke following brands: La Turist, P. & S., Pointer, 377, Straight 5 and 10c. cigars. Webb's cigar store, first door below Court House. 2t

For bargains in furniture, go to Corell's.

Having just received a cylinder for finishing silks and cloths, I am prepared to clean and dye gents' clothing, ladies' cloaks, sacques, silks, dresses, shawls, &c. Feathers dyed and curled. Packages forwarded by express will receive prompt attention, according to directions. Call or address, J. O. Caswell, dyer, Bloomsburg Woolen Mills. sep24-tf.

Parlor suits, chamber suits, dining room and library furniture—all styles and prices at Corell's. 3t.

M'KILLIP, Photographer & Crayon Artist, Bloomsburg, Pa. Fine Cabinet Portraits, only $3 a dozen. Instantaneous Process used.

Oak, cherry and walnut furniture at Corell's. 3t.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A perfect washing machine has never been invented, but a perfect washing soap has. Dreydoppel's Borax Soap is as near perfection as it is possible to attain, and the price is very reasonable.

SPEER'S WINE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—Consumptive persons are greatly benefitted by the use of Speer's Port Grape Wine. It gives nourishment when everything else fails, and physicians prescribe it as a rich, nutritous wine. Prominent physicians and members of the New York Board of Health have inspected Speer's vineyards and wine cellars and speak of his products in the highest terms. For sale by druggists.

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

TO PRESERVE NATURAL FLOWERS.—Dip the flowers in melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should be only just hot enough to maintain its fluidity and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stocks and moved about for an instant to get rid of air bubbles. Fresh cut flowers, free from moisture, make excellent specimens in this way. If you would preserve your health and invigorate your entire system use Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. For sale by C. B. Robbins, Bloomsburg, Pa. [eow.

ENJOY LIFE.—What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that *Green's August Flower*, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and liver complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as billiousness, indigestion, sick headache, costiveness, nervous prostration, dizziness of the head, palpitation of the heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of *August Flower* will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cts. Try it. jan 281y87eow.

Get rid of that tired feeling as quickly as possible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives strength, a good appetite, and health.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

DRUNKENNESS OR LIQUOR HABIT POSITIVELY CURED BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.—It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor habit to exist. For full particulars address Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. dec 3 86 1y.

ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH AND Scrap, a large and complete line at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Evans' Block.

ALL THE FINEST EXTRACTS—COLOGNE Sachets, Pomades, Hair Dyes and Bay Rum at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Evans' Block, opposite Episcopal Church.

Jeremy came [illegible] same quiet look of determination in his eye, and, except the [illegible] nostrils.

ALL PROPRIETARY AND PATENT MEDICINES at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND WALL PAPER, A fine stock at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CASTILLE, TOILET AND MEDICATED SOAPS, a full line at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Upper Main street.

COMBS OF ALL KINDS, WELL SELECTED, AND at very low prices at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, third door above Iron street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CONDENSED MILK, COXE'S, NELSON'S AND Cooper's Gelatine, Tapioca, Sage, Arrow Root and all the prepared foods for children and invalids at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, first door above Hess' Boot and Shoe Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CANARY, HEMP, RAPE, MILLET, MAW AND Mixed Seed for the birds, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, first door below Creasy's Grocery Store.

FINE WRITING PAPERS, BY BOX, LOOSE OR in Tablet form, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

NURSING BOTTLES, NIPPLES, RUBBER RATtles, Teething Rings and all requisites of the Nursery that will contribute to the baby's happiness, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, two doors above Evans & Eyer's Clothing Store.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS AND FAMILY receipts carefully prepared at all hours at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

TOILET AND INFANT POWDERS, ROUGE, Cosmetic and gold and silver Diamond Dust, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, No 68 Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

WALL PAPER—MANY KINDS AND MANY prices—at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa. june3,1y,87.

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BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

This Magazine portrays American thought and life from ocean to ocean, is filled with pure high-class literature, and can be safely welcomed in any family circle.

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GET UP CLUBS

The Cobra's Victim.

A TERRIBLE STORY FROM REAL LIFE IN THE EAST INDIAN SETTLEMENTS.

On a boiling hot day, such as one often experiences in the East Indies, the sun was pouring down its fierce rays upon the scorching earth, writes Mr. E. A. Crawshay in the San Francisco *Examiner*; life seemed to be extinct, all was so calm and silent, and even the few men employed around my house moved noiselessly about, as if to be in keeping with the rest of nature.

My house, situated a little distance from a busy town, was built of stone, with a veranda overgrown with creepers all around it, such as seen in most Anglo-Indian residences, and surrounded by a small garden in which all the beauties of a tropical climate flourished.

During this afternoon I was resting myself in an easy bamboo chair alone in my room; the blinds were drawn down to keep it as cool as possible, but nevertheless the heat was intense, making me feel restless and irritable. Novel after novel I opened, and after reading a few pages flung the book aside; and having tried for a few minutes to sleep, I got up and went to one of the windows. Drawing up the blind quietly, I saw on the veranda my little daughter Gladiz.

She was adored by my wife and myself, being our only child, and I was about to tap the glass in order to attract her attention, when I noticed that she was carrying a bowl of what appeared to be bread and milk, and seemed to be looking for some one. At the same time I saw, to my horror, a huge snake of the most venomous kind—cobra—creeping from the side of the house along the veranda toward her. She went slowly to meet it.

I knew that it would now be impossible for me to go out or to make the slightest sound without attracting the snake's attention, and then I shuddered, for when once it was alarmed the consequences might be fearful, so I had to watch what was going to happen in a cold prespiration of fear for the safety of my child.

The cobra, on reaching the child, reared its loathsome head in the air until level with the bowl, meanwhile darting its tongue backward and forward and casting fierce glances around to see if danger was near, while it devoured the bread and milk. Gladiz stroked its head gently and called the reptile "her pet," "her pretty snake."

I watched the food gradually disappear, and could have cried for relief when I saw the snake had finished its meal, which I inwardly vowed should be its last. It then crept slowly toward a hole in the side of the house, to which it disappeared.

I rushed from the room, and, meeting Gladiz coming into the hall, picked her up in my arms and kissed her frantically, exclaimed: "Oh, Gladiz, Gladiz, the snake!" The child began to cry, knowing then I had seen her with her pet. Her nurse, coming up to see what was the matter, I gave Gladiz into her charge, and went to find my wife, to whom I told all that had occurred.

My wife learned from Gladiz that she had been accustomed to feed the snake twice a day—after breakfast and during the afternoon—for the last three months, and often, if she thought she was being watched, she would leave the bowl on the veranda, fetching it away at another time.

We, my wife and myself, arranged that the bowl should pe put in its place as usual to-morrow morning, and that I should shoot the snake from the window of my room while it was eating. We also thought it best that Gladiz should not be told that her pet was going to be killed.

Breakfast was rather hurried next morning for I was anxious to get this dangerous pet killed as soon as possible. The bowl was temptingly put in its place, as directed by Gladiz, and I took up my position with a gun at the window of my room, completely hidded from the outside by the Venetian blind. The child was taken by my wife to the nursery, as arranged between us the evening before. All was ready now, the snake alone was wanting.

It did not keep me long waiting. Soon I saw its head appear out of the hole. The snake looked around with its glittering eyes, and seeing the bowl crawled out on to the veranda and made its way toward it.

It seemed frightened; once or twice it turned round as if to return

My time had come; the cobra was [illegible] Saturday by [illegible], alluding to Sydney Smith as one of "the splendid rapidly [illegible] of Scotland's stars." [illegible], carefully bringing the gun to my shoulder, fired. The brute rolled over, quivering and writhing on the ground.

I began to pull up the blind with the intention of going out and giving the cobra the death blow, when I heard a fearful scream and a moment after saw Gladiz run past the window—her golden hair loose, her dress torn—toward the wounded snake.

Before I could prevent her she had thrown herself on her knees before it, and lifting its head in her hands pressed it against her cheek, weeping bitterly while she did so; instantly the cobra buried its poisoned fangs into her delicate flesh. She screamed and unclasped her hands from around the snake.

A cry escaped my lips as I saw what happened, and taking Gladiz in my arms, carried her indoors. All that medical skill could do to save our child was done, but of no avail. In less than two hours she was dead. Years have passed since then, but I never can forget the events of that fearful day.

Damon and Pythias.

A SORDID DETROIT GROCER WHO TAKES NO STOCK IN ROMANTIC TALES.

A very hard-up looking man entered a grocery on Fort street west the other day and said to the proprietor.

"I have come to give myself up. My name's Damon."

"No one want's you that I'm aware of," replied the grocer.

"But my partner, Pythias, stole a cake of maple sugar here the other day, and I've come as a hostage until you can catch him. Excuse me if I slice off a bit of this cheese and take a few crackers."

"But I haven't missed any sugar."

"Perhaps not, but Pythias took it all the same. I saw him an hour ago, and I told him I should wait here until he surrendered himself. Beg pardon, but I'll take a herring to go with my crackers and cheese."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Damon, sir, and there's nothing mean about me! When I pass my word nothing on earth will make me break it. Is this sweet milk in this jar? Ah! there; but you'll excuse me if I take a glass."

"Look here, you old beat, I want you to get out of this!" exclaimed the grocer, who began to see a colored man in the fence corner.

"But I agreed to wait for Pythias."

"I don't care a copper for Pythias or you, either! There's the door."

"I promised Pyth. I'd wait here. What will he say when he finds that Damon has lied to him?"

"So you won't go? Well, you will! Now, you come along, and take that—and that—and that!"

The grocer pulled him to the door and bestowed three hearty kicks on his coat-tails. The man received them meekly and kindly, and when the performance was over he walked across the road and turned and said:

"All right. If Pyth. comes along just explain how it was. Tell him old Damon is waiting for him down in the saloon at the corner."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Boycotting in India.

Boycotting, differing in some particulars from the way in which it is done in the land where the English term originated, has been practiced for ages in India. Says a Hindoo writer in the *St. James Gazette:* There is great difference between Irish and Hindoo boycotting. The former is based mainly on political, semi-political or fiscal reasons; whereas the latter is practiced on purely social or religious grounds. Then the Irish is severer than the Hindoo method in this sense—that no tradesman will sell anything to the boycotted man, who is more or less like a prisoner in his own house; whereas a boycotted Hindoo can buy anything anywhere or go to any place he likes, only people will not go to his house or associate with him or his family in any way.

On the other hand, the Hindoo is severer than the Irish boycotting in that the latter may be only temporary, and rises at the caprice of the boycotters whereas the former is often permanent, or can be done away with only by going through certain expiatory rites or costly ceremonies, which come hard, even on the richer classes. A man may be boycotted in Ireland for no fault of his own, but in India boycotting follows upon a breach of observance of some time-honored custom, or by any public offense against traditional notions of propriety. Indian boycotting is allied to outcasting, but is quite distinct from it and not half so severe. A man may lose his caste only by breaking one of its well defined rules, which are quite different from mere customs for observances. An outcast man is necessarily boycotted; but a boycotted man keeps his caste all right as long as he does not act against its rules. Again, a man may be outcast, but not his family for that reason; yet his relations will be boycotted if they associate with him.

Let me now cite some examples: Some years ago a learned Pundit gave his daughter in marriage when she was a few years older than the prescribed marriageable age among the Hindoos; and the offense was rendered doubly heinous by the perpetrator being a Brahmin of high order. He was strictly boycotted accordingly;and,I believe, notwithstanding his great reputation as a scholar and a benevolent person, and in spite of his endeavors to propitiate the Brahmins in many ways, he is still avoided by orthodox Hindoos. A whole family has been boycotted for receiving and associating with one of its members who returned from England and had lost his caste through eating with Englishmen. One gentleman has been boycotted forever for getting his widowed daughter married.

If anybody's son or daughter-in-law associates with non-Hindoos publicly the offending individual is outcasted and the whole family is boycotted. If a son does not mourn for his deceased father in the prescribed manner he is boycotted. In some parts of India men are boycotted for wearing trousers of European fashion—or, indeed, any dress that was not worn by their ancestors of a thousand years ago. A well known historical example of Hindoo boycotting is that of the Jeypore royal family, which was boycotted for hundreds of years by the other Raipoot royal families for being the first Hindoo family of princely rank who offered a daughter in marriage to a mogul Emperor. In Rajputana whole tribes are often boycotted if somebody does not properly observe the traditional customs or forms a connection with a lower caste or with non-Hindoos.

But nowadays boycotting can be raised in India by a judicious use of the almighty gold. I may mention a well-known case. A distinguished Hindoo gentleman and merchant of a large Indian town was boycotted for reforming propensities. The old orthodox mo[illegible] of this body there are some as certainly seems to be the case, determined to [illegible] [illegible]ther, who lived in the country, on the occasion of a religious festival directed the servants as usual to distribute offerings of rice, fruits and sweetmeats among the Brahmins of the neighborhood. To a man they refused to accept the same on the ground that her son was deserting her caste. The old lady was deeply chagrined and began to be mortally afraid of the destination of her soul after death. On hearing this her son went down to his country house and ordered the servants to take the offerings again to the Brahmins, this time placing five rupees on each of the plates. The expedient answered wonderfully well. The very Brahmins, who a few hours before had turned away the servant, ignominously now came running to the merchant's house and literally scrambled for the presents. This story seems to justify the saying of another rich Hindoo that "caste was in his iron chest."

Boycotting and outcasting are made doubly impressive to Hindoo women, and for the most trifling reasons. A married woman not putting the sindoor (a red powder) on the parting of her hair is boycotted. In the country if a mother-in-law eats or lives in the house of her son in-law before her daughter has a child she will at once be boycotted. A young married lady was boycotted for not observing some ceremony at the birth of her child. A man can regain his caste by performing his expiatory rites; but an outcast woman, especially if she has broken away from the zenana or associated with non-Hindoos is never taken back to her caste.

The Granger's Inning.

There are times when the ablest liar has to hang up his fiddle and look with awe upon the horny handed granger, who occasionally tells a little one that wakes the echoes, and causes Ananias to turn in his grave and groan. We overheard a conversation the other day which speaks for itself: "Speaking of heavy rains," remarked one farmer to another recently, "reminds me of one we had last spring. I put a barrel out in the yard, bung up, and it was filled with rain water through the bung in just ten minutes by the watch." "That's nothing," said farmer No. 2. "I put a barrel in my yard, bung up, with both heads out. The rain went through the bunghole so fast that it couldn't run out and overflowed at the bung." The farmers saluted each other and drove on.

Persian Customs.

BRIDAL FORMS IN THE LAND OF THE SHAH.

The seat of honor was given to me, the bride sitting on my right, her elder aunt (her uncle had two wives) on my left. Persians think a great deal of appearance and outward show, and all the ladies were decked in their gaudiest attire, and were blooming in all the ficticious glories of painted womanhood. Fair hair and eyes are not admired by them, but a fair skin and florid complexion are greatly sought after, and call forth the tribute of general admiration. Even when nature has distributed her gifts with no niggard hand they will furvish up the complexion with quantities of rouge and powder until they look like full blown roses. Many an old woman of hideous forbidding aspect, whose appearance would be invaluable in melodrama, is made up into the bad semblance of a young woman; the furrows Time with his ruthless fingers has traced, are filled in with powder, not artistically faced as the European belle—many of whose charms might not bear close overhauling—often sets off her loveliness with artfully arranged aids to beauty, but laid on in thick layers. Although the bride was very young, having at the most seen sixteen summers, rouge, alas, was no stranger to her pretty face! Her hair, which was jet black and very long, was plaited into a number of tiny tails, the ends of which peeped forth from under the chagat of folded white linen she wore on her head. Nothing can exceed the ugliness or unbecomingness of this head gear; it is merely a square piece of muslin or cotton folded corner wise, and tightly fastened with a pin or tiny brooch under the chin, with two ends hanging down the back, and the remaining two falling over the breast.

Over this again is worn the house veil which envelopes the whole figure; it is a large square or rounded piece of muslin or gay patterned chintz and is not fastened on but simply kept in its place by the arms. Her voluminous skirt was of white and pink striped satin, handsomely trimmed with gold lace, and reached only half way to the knee; the legs were bare.

Often as many as twenty yards of silk or satin are employed for these skirts, which are gathered into a band at the waist, and are worn over four or five fine petticoats very much stiffened. The more a skirt stands out the more fashionable it is. The bodice is a loose sort of jacket of silk or velvet, trimmed with gold lace,the sleeves are long and terminate in a pointed caff that turns back, reaching nearly to the elbow. This is worn over a calico or linen shirt. Although all degrees agree in their leading features, and the fashions never change in the East as they do in the West, yet they differ to a great extent in detail, and afford a scope for the peculiar taste or fancy of the wearer. The contrast between indoor dress and walking attire is very striking.

Advice for the Minister.

From the Dakota Bell.

A young man who recently graduated from an Eastern theological school went out to Murray, in Cœur d'Alene country, to take charge of a church. The largest gambling hall in town was cleared for his accommodation the first Sunday, one table on which Spanish monte was usually dealt being left for him to stand behind. A large stock register book was laid on this, which was supposed to represent a bible. The whole town turned out and the young divine preached a powerful sermon. In it he strongly denounced gambling, horse-racing, drinking and profanity. That afternoon he was called on by a committee of leading citizens, one of whom said:

"Pardner, thar's a little matter we'd like to talk over with ye. I am the chairman uv the vigilance committee."

"Is it possible?"

"Mighty poss'ble, capt'n, the cussedest possible thing ye ever seed. Wot we come here to say is that we don't approve o' yer preachin'."

"I am very sorry that such is the case, but I can't see how I can change it."

"Can't hey? Well, I reckon ye'll hev to. Ye've got 'er let up on hollerin' agin gamblin', an' horse-racein', an' swearin', an' licker. Them things air all 'lowable here, an' air highly recommended by the leadin' citizens, an' the clergy has got 'er fall inter line. As a committee we moseyed up here to warn ye, an' 'taint [illegible] connection with the en campment than the free and [illegible] ed manifest[illegible] style to warn more'n once."

"But, my dear sir, what can I preach against—I must denounce something?"

"What can ye preach agin! Well, I swar! Hain't there wickedness 'nough in this country 'thout goin' outer yer way to jump onter sich things? Preach agin hoss-stealin' an' jumpin' mineral claims, uv course. Rip 'em up the back an' tramp on 'em! Then there's original sin—tech that up once in a while. Jes' confine yerself to these things an' the boys will jes' crowd in to hear an' cheer yer every time ye make a good p'int."

Applauding a Dude.

THE CONSIDERATE ACT OF AN EXQUISITE OF THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT TYPE.

The Boston *Transcript* listener, as he passed along Washington street, at the foot of Cornhill, had observed a printer's boy, who had trundled an overloaded wheelbarrow into Cornhill, over the street pavement, and had essayed to get it up from the gutter upon the sidewalk. The barrow was laden with unbound books, evidently on their way to one of the bookbinderies on the street. It was a very big barrow and a very small boy; and when the little fellow attempted to get his load upon the curbstone he was quite unable to do it. Here he had struggled, it seemed, until he had become quite discouraged, and, seeing a little crowd gathering to look at his vain efforts to move his stalled vehicle, the boy burst into tears.

Just at this juncture there came up a dude of the most extravagant type; an exquisite fellow, with quite an English Derby hat, you know, straight-trimmed and low in the crown, spotless light fawn-colored overcoat; pearl-gray kids; nicely bagging trousers, with the crease down the sides; pointed shoes, with gaiters over them, and, carried level in one hand, a big cane. It seemed to take this exquisite specimen but an instant to take in the situation. Then he stepped up to the curbstone in front of the wheelbarrow, daintily and deftly removed his kid gloves, gave them and the cane to the weeping boy to hold, seized the dirty wheel of the barrow with both hands, and, lifting it clear of the gutter, set it fairly upon the sidewalk.

"Now, my little man, give me the stick and the gloves, and then you can trot along with it, don't you know," said the dude to the boy, who, though looking grateful, put his hands to the barrow, after he had handed over the articles, and moved away without a word.

There was a murmur of something like applause as the dude started along up the street.

Gold Leaf.

HOW, WHERE, AND BY WHOM IT IS MANUFACTURED.

Gold leaf is manufactured in about twenty shops in New York and its suburbs, says the New York *Evening Sun.* It is estimated that 20,800 ounces of gold are consumed annually here in making gold leaf. Gold can be beaten so thin that it will take 12,000 leaves to equal the thickness of the sheet upon which this paper is printed. An ounce can be beaten down to 2,500 leaves 3⅜ inches square.

At a establishment in Hudson street a reporter was told that the gold is bought of of brokers in small ingots, which are melted into bars about a quarter of an inch thick. These are rolled into a ribbon as thick as note paper. After passing through the hands of the beaters it is put in books interleaved with manilla tissue, and twenty books are put in a package. The ordinary sells for $7 a package, and the best $7.50 to $7.75. No dross comes from the gold as it is beaten, but there are ragged edges which drop off. The leaf is used by gilder, bookbinders, dentists, and sign painters.

"The wages of gold-beaters are $11 a week. A piece hand gets $5 a beating. A good one can possibly do two a week and as many as nine in a month have been done. Extra is paid if the workman beats the gold below five grains to a book. Some can do four and a half, and even four, grains per book."

"How thin can you get it?" a beater in Broome street was asked.

"It is beaten to one three-hundred thousandth of an inch at five grains to the book. If it gets down to four grains it is one three-hundred-and-sixty-thousandths of an inch. The New York system employs men only, with girls to do the cutting. The German system employs children of 8 to 9, which system Hastings, of Philadelphia, tried to introduce here, but his workmen struck, gnd he lost his lead. On that system men do the beating and girls do the priming and filling."

"How is the gold beaten?"

"It is beaten in molds made in London from the intestines of cows, cleaned and varnished with a secret preparation manufactured by Puckridge & Nephew, of London. The skins are put in packages of 900 skins each, and three of these molds go to a beating."

"How much gold is there in a beating?"

"Fifty pennyweight in a beating. The ribbon of solid gold is divided into 170 or 180 pieces, each about an inch square. These are put into a cutch made of French paper four inches square. This is beaten until we get the gold to the edges. It is handed with pincers at that time. It is beaten half an hour. The pieces are then piled twenty on top of each other. Then they are cut in four and doubled over, making 720. They are then put in a 'schoder,' or finer mold cut down. We fill the schoder with these leaves in the middle, and break it out to the edges. We beat it about two hours, until we draw about ten pennyweights off the schroder."

"Does it have to be kept dry?"

"We have to keep the windows shut; but the cutches, schoders, and molds take up so much moisture that they have to be put in a hot mold to press the moisture out.

"Don't that finish it?"

"Oh, no. The leaves are cut away again into four with a tool called a wagon, making 2,880, but the molds hold only 2,700. The molds are beaten four hours, at the end of each hour there being what is called a close, when they are heated. Then the beater is through with it and the cutter takes it. This is the only work done by girls in New York. They can cut from thirty to sixty-four books a day, at 3½ cents a books. The leaf, when it gets into a book, is so thin that it is handled only with the breath."

"How is the work tested?"

"Only with the eye. There is no rule about thebusiness,but it is surely a matter of skill and judgment. The best is the kind used on glass, which shows all imperfections."

"I notice that gold beaters usually work in basements. Why is that?"

"A firmer blow can be [illegible]uto, one the first story [illegible] the Philad[illegible] and Reading comp[illegible] given. If on Branchdale [illegible] there is a jar, which deteriorates the quality."

"Is there any adulteration in the business?"

"The Germans beat what is called a metal leaf with an alloy. It is sold very cheap. It is the oleomargarine of gold leaf and will tarnish. Much of it is used by bookbinders."

"When did the trade start?"

"It is very ancient. It is mentioned in the Bible. Gold was used on Solomon's temple. The Chinese beat gold leaf, but it cannot compare in quality with American leaf. Some of the Chinamen had trouble with their employer, but they soon ended it. They got their employer into their lodge room and then one after another took a bite out of his flesh."

The Downtrodden Negro.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, I did find one colored man in Alabama who claimed that he was oppressed on account of his color and previous condition. It was at the depot in Selma. We two were alone on the platform, and as we drifted together and he made up his mind that I didn't intend to steal his satchel, I asked how he was getting on.

"Poorly, sah, very poorly," he answered.

"Don't they give you a chance?"

"No, sah,—no, sah. White folks down on us mighty bad."

"Give me a sample case."

"Well," he replied after taking a little time to think, "dey doan' respect our rights 'tall. One night las' fall free of 'em come to my house at midnight an' dun woke up an' lugged me off to jail."

"What for?"

"Said I had dun stole a hog."

"That's cool. And you were an innocent man?"

"Sartin I was, an' if dey hadn't s'arched my house wi'dout hevin a warrant or de slightest authority I'd hev proved it."

"But why couldn't you after the search?"

"Kas dey dun found de pork under the floor, sah! If I had bin a white man do you reckon dey would hav' attempted any high handed outrage like dat? Didn't dey do it kas dey knowed I war a poo' black man wi'dout any rights? Talk to me, sah, of a cull'd pusson's rights down yere! He hain't got none. Dat pork was stole in the night, and I didn't leave a single track behind, an' yit dey cum an' jumped right in on me like dey was suah all de white folks was honest an' all de rest of de cull'd people had moved away."

Queer Stakes.

"I have heard of queer stakes in my time," remaked a Pacific coast man, "but I think I can discount anything of the sort in my own experience. I was playing cards in Georgia some years ago, and became involved in a dispute with a native that sent him to the hospital and me to the jail. There was a strong prejudice against gamblers in the vicinity, and my lawyer told me that I was in a very tight fix I made the best of the situation, and managed to get on good terms with the sheriff—a typical Georgian, and, by the way, a pretty good fellow. One day I discovered by accident that he was a great faro bank fiend. It seems that he had been quite wealthy at one time, but he had lost all his property against the game, and would walk ten miles through a swamp to get to play. That just suited me. I chalked out a lay-out on my cell floor, and got an old deck of cards and dealt faro for him. We used buttons for chips, and he would squat outside my grated door and tell me where to place his bets. In a few days I had all his ready cash. Then he sold a mule and lost that. It is too tedious to tell in detail, but head by head his stock all vanished. Then he put up his watch and chain and suit of clothes. I won them, and made him poke them through the grates. In a week my cell looked like a country store. I had boots, hams, a pair of scales, all the sheriff's office stationery, a barrel of flour, a saddle, and a feather bed. At last he came in and said:

"John, I'll tell you what I'll do. You have won everything I can move except the kids and the old woman, and now I'll play a game of seven up for all I've lost against your liberty."

"It's a go."

"We played through the grates. I tell you it was exciting. It was neck or nothing with me, and you could hear the old sheriff breathe clear over in the next lot. We got six a piece, and it came my deal. I turned a jack.

"That puts you out," said the sheriff, unlocking the door. "Now get out."

He claimed that the conditions of the game didn't bar him from taking a shot at me, and as I went over the fence he left off a young cannon in my direction. I guess, though, that last jack made him nervous, for the load went over my head and crippled a darky in a cornfield. I didn't stop to inquire how badly he was hurt."

A Natural Mistake.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE LAWYER SCOLDED IN FRONT OF THE JURY THE PROBABLE CAUSE.

From the Merchant Traveler.

Little Nellie was in the Court room where her uncle was a witness, and found much to interest her there. She was especially struck by the impressive manner of the lawyer who was haranguing the jury.

"Papa," she inquired, "who is that man that is talking so loud."

"That is the lawyer for the defense, my dear."

"And who is the man with the scar over his eye, that just sits and never says a word?"

"That is the defendant."

"And who are those men that the lawyer is talking to?"

"They compose the jury."

After a moment's silence Nellie renewed the attack.

"Papa!"

"Well?"

"What has the jury been doing?"

Mitigating Circumstances.

"It's all his fault, your Honor!" exclaimed a wife, as she was arraigned in the police court the other day.

"Whose fault?"

"My husband's."

"How's that?"

"Well, sir, he came home half tight, just as I had finished a hard day's work and was making my supper off of cold potatoes. I felt mad and desperate, and he began to argue about Heaven."

"What did he say?"

"He said there wasn't no such place, nor Hades neither, and he argued the case so well that I believed him."

"And then what?"

"And then, sir, thinking that if that was the case, I might as well waltz in and [illegible] stone laying [illegible] earth, I [illegible]heran church will take place on 31st [illegible] a good time on [illegible] and I picked up a stick of wood and run the old man all over the neighborhood and made him roar for mercy."

Sentence suspended owing to mitigating circumstances.

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Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

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[illegible]

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH.			STATIONS.	SOUTH.		
p.m.	p.m.	a.m		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
9 00	12 30	8 30	Scranton	6 10	9 15	2 05
8 54	12 26	8 26	Bellevue	6 15	9 20	2 10
8 48	12 22	8 22	Taylorville	6 20	9 26	2 15
8 40	12 15	8 16	Lackawanna	6 27	9 34	2 22
8 33	12 08	8 10	Pittston	6 34	9 41	2 30
8 27	12 03	8 03	West Pittston	6 40	9 47	2 36
8 22	11 58	7 58	Wyoming	6 45	9 52	2 41
8 17	11 54	7 54	Maltby	6 49	9 56	2 44
8 12	11 50	7 50	Bennett	6 53	10 00	2 47
8 08	11 47	7 47	Kingston	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 08	11 47	7 47	Kingston	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 03	11 42	7 42	Plymouth June	7 02	10 10	2 55
7 59	11 38	7 38	Plymouth	7 07	10 15	3 00
7 54	11 34	7 34	Avondale	7 12	10 20	3 05
7 50	11 30	7 30	Nanticoke	7 15	10 25	3 10
7 43	11 23	7 23	Hunlock's Creek	7 23	10 32	3 27
7 30	11 12	7 12	Shickshinny	7 37	10 44	3 39
7 18	11 00	7 00	Hick's Ferry	7 50	11 11	3 52
7 11	10 54	6 54	Beach Haven	7 57	11 06	3 58
7 05	10 47	6 47	Berwick	8 04	11 13	4 12
6 58	10 41	6 41	Briar Creek	8 10	11 20	4 05
6 54	10 38	6 38	Willow Grove	8 14	11 25	4 16
6 50	10 34	6 34	Lime Ridge	8 18	11 29	4 20
6 42	10 27	6 27	Espy	8 25	11 36	4 27
6 36	10 21	6 21	Bloomsburg	8 30	11 44	4 34
6 30	10 16	6 16	Rupert	8 36	11 50	4 40
6 25	10 11	6 11	Catawi'a Bridge	8 41	11 55	4 46
6 08	9 56	5 56	Danville	8 58	12 13	5 04
6 00	9 49	5 49	Chulasky	9 05	12 20	5 12
5 55	9 45	5 45	Cameron	9 08	12 25	5 17
5 40	9 32	5 32	Northumberland	9 25	12 40	5 35
p.m.	am.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.

Superintendent's office. Scranton, Feb.1st,182

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 6.20 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.58 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.48 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday),for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6 05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsp't to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), fo, Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.53—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily,except Sunday)for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate station[illegible]

[illegible] TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE [illegible] brought it into variou[illegible]

EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.20 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53. a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 2.55 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 3:51; Wilkes-Barre, 6:00 p m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 1.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10 p. m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 5:05 p m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 5:33 p m; Sunbury, 6:25 p m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9:25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11:45 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5:10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7:30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

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DISTILLED from selected Barley Malt and guaranteed to be chemically pure and free from injurious oils and acids often contained in alcoholic liquors. It is especially adapted to persons requiring a stimulating tonic, Consumptives being greatly benefitted by its use. Recommended by leading physicians as a Diuretic, Nervine, Tonic and Alterative. For Consumptives it is invaluable. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY insures a return of vigor to the stomach, a good appetite, a rich and abundant blood and increased flesh and muscular tissue. A stimulant mild and gentle in effect. Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all wasting diseases can be entirely conquered by the use of Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. It is a tonic and diuretic and a powerful strengthener to the entire system. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY has proved a medicinal protection to those who pursue their avocations in the open air and whose daily work calls for exceptional powers of endurance. Ask your nearest druggist or grocer for PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY revives the energies of those worn out with excessive bodily or mental effort and acts as a safeguard against exposure in wet and rigorous weather. It will drive all malarious diseases from the system. Hard workers of every vocation and persons whom a sedentary life renders prone to Dyspepsia find in Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey a powerful invigorant and helper to digestion. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY without unduly stimulating the kidneys increases their flagging activity, counteracts the effects of fatigue, hastens convalescence and is a wholesome and prompt diuretic. Watch the label! None genuine unless bearing the signature

The analysis as it appears by the Label on every bottle: I have carefully analyzed the PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY made by M. & J. S. Perrine and find it entirely free from fusel oil, furfurol, metals and acids and is absolutely pure."—*Signed, Camilla Arthur Maier, Graduate of the Universities of Munich, Geneva and Weisbaden*

M. & J. S. Perrine

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